How Strong Is the Nazi Air Force? (See page 13)

FIFTEEN CENTS

June 4, 1940

NEW MASSES

Fifth Column on the Potomac

by A. B. Magil

Carey McWilliams

"Stand by the Bill of Rights!"

The Lieutenant Says Never Again

by Paul Crosbie

WILLIAM BLAKE, EDA LOU WALTON, CORA MacALBERT

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Between Ourselves

THE old notion has it that statistics are pretty drab but we want to present a set that vibrates with the best of our life today. These figures deal with our financial drive which closes in this issue. NM readers have scraped together, borrowed, or begged $17,000 which they have sent us. Many a hard-earned day's pay, many a dollar put away for a suit of clothes or for the month's rent, or for some emergency came through the mails to keep this magazine afloat. This is a poor man's paper and we appreciate the sacrifices that represent the total of $17,000. Here are some of the figures: 3,768 individuals responded to our appeals. They came from 217 American cities and towns. Letters enclosing from $1 upward came from as far off as San Juan, Puerto Rico, from Mexico City, from underground Canada, from London, from the Far East.

Appreciate the circumstances in which this drive was held. The magazine was—and is—under fire such as it had never experienced. A war-crazed press drives against us; jingoistic congressmen hurl their thunderbolts this way; the administration's Department of Justice hounded us; certain fairweather friends dropped by the roadside. Yet the great thousands were not scared: they had the stuff to stick. They pushed it among their friends; they demanded it at the newsstands. It was their banner. They came through with their dollar bills, their coin card offerings, and we reached the sum of $17,000. We know that most of the readers who helped help many other causes. We know their pocketbooks are slim and we are proud of their trust, proud of the sacrifices they made to help keep NM alive.

We had hoped to reach $25,000 by this time—the absolute minimum needed to make both ends meet. We shall have to raise that sum by one means or another. We do not want to continue giving valuable space to weekly recitals of our financial needs; you certainly have memorized them by this time.

But we have trust in you—you will not let our magazine die. We must raise that additional $8,000 to survive the summer. You can continue to help in the following surefire way. Jump into our "One for One" subscription drive. Each subscriber to get another subscriber. That's no giant task and it remains the simplest way of getting out of the woods. Let no opportunity pass to convince a friend, a colleague, to become a subscriber to the magazine.

Furthermore, many of you will be going away for your vacations. The war knows no vacation, death has no holiday, and all of us who do not want this war will remember NM during the hot months. After all, the war is hotter than any midsummer temperature. We urge you to hold NM parties in your camps, at your seashore resorts, wherever you go to spend a few weeks this summer. We count, too—in fact we count heavily—on the NM Readers League. The New York group is working at top speed. They are making the weekends resound with parties for NM, with plans for summer affairs for the magazine. We count on similar activities in all major centers this summer.

The staff of NM wants to thank you for your support and we bank on its continuance in the coming crucial weeks. In fact, we expect that support to increase as the administration war fever increases. We want to say one final word: NM will carry on, will be heard so long as there is a typewriter before us, a sheet of paper on which to tell our story. The magazine is strong with your strength; it is as powerful as the American people. They—YOU—will not let it die.

NM is very fortunate in securing Earl Browder and James W. Ford to speak under its auspices at Manhattan Center in New York, June 12, on the "Middle Class and the War Crisis." Your editors have been receiving stacks of mail from teachers, physicians, research workers, lawyers —men and women in all sorts of professions—on this question. Typical of much of the correspondence is Dr. B. I. T.'s note:

". . . I am a physician attached to a large, well-to-do hospital. I have a fair practice. Several of my friends are in teaching, a couple are engineers. . . . I see many people in the course of a day's work. Most of these people are solid representatives of that stratum of the community commonly called white collar. . . . All these people as I meet them think and talk with one state of mind, with one worry . . . what will happen to them during these months of very black crisis? Will they benefit from the war? I hear constant reminders from these people that Hitler has almost wiped out the professionals in Germany. Would it therefore not be wiser to support England and France?

"Others voice the idea that many of the professions and social services during periods of reaction and national retrenchment become luxuries and that there isn't much they can do to stop it. This feeling of fatalism hangs like a cloud over a good many of my friends. It's a question of large importance and I believe NM should give it some concentrated attention."

We have been trying to answer a good many of these questions in NM's pages. The Browder-Ford meeting will provide a great opportunity for clarifying many issues. Joseph North and Ruth McKenney, NM editors, will complete the list of speakers.

Tickets, 40 cents for general admission and 75 cents for the reserved section, can be obtained at NM's office, the Workers Bookshop, 50 East 13th St., and the 44th Street Bookfair, 133 West 44th St.

Who's Who

JOSEPH STAROBIN is an edtiorial assistant on NM, specializing in foreign affairs. . . . Carey McWilliams is chairman of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, chief of the California Division of Immigration and Housing, and author of the best seller, *Factories in the Field*. . . . Paul Crosbie is chairman of the Communist Party of Queens. . . . Art Shields is a veteran labor reporter. . . . William Blake is author of *An American Looks at Karl Marx* and two best selling novels, *The World Is Mine* and *The Painter and the Lady*. He is now at work on another novel dealing with the American Civil War. . . . Edna Lou Walton is associate professor of English at NYU, author of *Jane Matthews*, a volume of verse, and has contributed book reviews to the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* and the *Nation*. . . . Mary Liles is a young New York actress who has been identified with the progressive theater for several years.

Flashbacks

LITTLE STEEL, which will do its patriotic duty in defense of democracy when the juicy armaments orders are passed out, made a comment on domestic policy Memorial Day, 1937. Police that day opened fire on strikers at the Republic Steel plant outside Chicago, killing four on the spot and wounding one hundred more, some fatally. . . . Rose Pastor Stokes, who opposed the last imperialist war, was sentenced to ten years in prison for violation of the espionage act on May 31, 1918.

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NEW MASSES

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Fifth Column on the Potomac

Three of the darkest weeks in American history have just passed. What happened in Washington and its meaning for the people. FDR's timetable for war.

THE frontier of France these days seems to be on the Potomac. The mechanized legions of Hitler are three thousand miles away, but the political *Panzerdivisionen* of Roosevelt are already on the move. Plans for totalitarian war on German imperialism abroad dovetail with plans for totalitarian war on American democracy at home.

Note this timetable. On May 10 Germany invaded Belgium, Holland, and Luxemburg. The same day British troops invaded Iceland. President Roosevelt hastily rewrote the speech he was making that night before the Pan-American Scientific Congress; it became a veritable call to arms. He sought to direct the anger of the American people against only one of the criminals, Germany, though it was the British and French ruling classes who fed this Caesar the meat on which he had grown fat. This was the speech in which the President announced that the United States would not tolerate the fact that other continents "embrace *by preference* or compulsion a wholly different principle of life"—a clear threat against the democratic movement toward socialism. This was the speech in which the President launched his war scare, his invasion-of-America hoax, trying to panic the people into supporting his plans for aggressive action thousands of miles from these shores.

THE BUILDUP

Then began the buildup for Roosevelt's message to Congress. From Secretary Woodring, Col. Frank Knox, Mayor LaGuardia, Chairman May of the House Military Affairs Committee, Chairman Vinson of the House Naval Affairs Committee, army and navy brass hats, came a great clamor for arms. Eight to ten billions have already been appropriated under the Roosevelt administration. Not enough. More than two billions were provided for in the army and navy bills for the next fiscal year. Not enough. Arms, more arms, planes, battleships, guns! Chairman May urged loans to the Allies. Representative Bulwinkle of North Carolina introduced a resolution removing some of the restrictions of the Johnson and Neutrality acts. Lieutenant General Drum said the army was in terrible shape. General Pershing called for preparedness. Secretary Woodring called for preparedness. Mayor LaGuardia called for preparedness. The AFL Executive Council backed preparedness. The word smells of 1917—preparedness for what? against whom?

The President delivered his message to Congress on May 16. He developed truly fantastic embellishments on the invasion hoax, a preview of the bombing of Florida, Saint Louis, Kansas City, Omaha. It had been reported that the President would ask for about $500,000,000 for arms above the two billions requested in his January budget message. He asked for $1,182,000,000. The bills later introduced in Congress totaled $1,823,000,000 for the army, $1,459,000,000 for the navy—$3,282,000,000 for war. Lost amid these loud alarums is the report of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, issued just one day before the Roosevelt message, stating that America is in no danger of invasion and that bombing planes cannot fly the distances spanned in FDR's flights of fancy.

Let us stop to consider what this means. The American people favor defense of their country. But they do not favor participation in foreign wars which have nothing to do with defense of the country—88 percent of them at least are opposed to that. The recent acts of the Roosevelt administration give every reason to believe that it is preparing to do precisely what 88 percent of Americans oppose. To do what Wilson did: involve the country in a war for the enrichment of the rich and the impoverishment of the poor. To overcome the resistance of the 88 percent who oppose war the administration is resorting to the two indispensables in the technique of fascism and pre-fascism: demagogy and terror.

One of the myths that dies particularly hard is that all wars require the suspension of democracy. This is being used to justify the present totalitarianism of England and France. It is being used to justify in advance the steps leading to the *Gleichshaltung* of America. This idea is a lie. Spain and China are the living refutations of this lie. The wars of the Spanish and Chinese people against foreign invaders and native traitors resulted in an *expansion* of the people's liberties during the thick of the fighting. It is only reactionary wars, fought in the interests of the anti-democratic exploiting minority, that strangle freedom and forge new shackles for the people. When the Roosevelt administration takes over the methods and aims of the pro-fascist Dies committee, it is a sign that it is preparing to hand the country over completely to the economic royalists and drive the people into imperialist war. The lifting of the embargo, the conversion of the country into an economic arsenal for the Allies, the pressure for credits and loans, the recent Roosevelt speeches—all these are stages in the march to that objective. The Kiplinger letter, which provides confidential information for business men, states in its May 18 issue:

> Internal changes due to war pressures are bound to be many. It is not possible to foresee all, but it *is* possible to foresee some. Generally they will be in the direction of more integration of industrial activity, closer relations between business and government, even in the defense preparation stage immediately ahead. And in the event of war, a virtual dictatorship of course.

"More integration of industrial activity"—this is a euphemism for the strengthening of monopoly. For this purpose Bernard Baruch, who was chairman of the War Industries Board under Wilson and is close to President Roosevelt, has recommended the suspension of the anti-trust laws. For this purpose too the anti-trust laws have in the last few months been perverted by the Department of Justice into a club against labor. And for this purpose the Temporary National Economic Committee (monopoly committee), an anachronistic relic of the dear dead days when Roosevelt progressivism was in flower, has been sent on a vacation till after the election—if not longer.

The Roosevelt message to Congress was the signal for the enthronement of war economy, that vast devourer of the people's substance so characteristic of fascist regimes. And with war economy goes the subjection of living standards and liberties to the discipline of reactionary war. What this means is vividly etched in the May 24 issue of the *United States News:*

> The plans taking shape here resemble those that have been taking shape in Europe. Both are based upon huge investment in military equipment and in preparations to use that equipment. This formula produced apparent prosperity in Germany before the war and gave Britain and France a measure of recovery. . . .
>
> The new turn means that the New Deal will shift away from further broad promotion of its social programs.
>
> Dollars that once were to be directed into investment in low-cost housing and health insurance and old-age pensions and hospitals will instead be invested in cannon and battleships and airplanes. . . . There may be some shift away from industries that cater to consumer wants and a shift toward industries that can turn out war goods.

The administration is even tinkering with a plan for the "scientific" organization of

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forced mass hunger to feed the war machine: a variant of the so-called "deferred savings" plan of the English economist, John Maynard Keynes. The plan was recently outlined by Jerome Frank, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, who declared that the basic problem is to find "the ways and means of reducing civilian expenditures by the cost of armaments." This would be done largely by enacting prohibitively high sales taxes on consumers' goods and by heavy taxation of individual incomes, with the largest levies on moderate incomes—between $1,200 and $10,000 a year. It is believed that in this way $15,000,000,000 a year could be wrung from the people and devoted to armaments.

Gearing the country to war economy inevitably means placing the economic life of the country in the hands of the most powerful Wall Street monopolists. Various tycoons of finance and industry are already being called to Washington to act in what is described as an advisory capacity, and the administration is being pressed to place these men in complete charge of war preparations. Scripps-Howard's Raymond Clapper—a fairweather liberal—has proposed that a man like William S. Knudsen, president of General Motors, a Morgan–du Pont concern, be chosen as "industrial coordinator." Knudsen's record as an employer of labor is surpassed only by his record as an employer of labor spies. No doubt he would make an ideal coordinator for a totalitarian economy. The very men whose policies drove millions out of jobs and the country to disaster are now once more to be entrusted with the nation's destiny. And in lieu of jobs, in lieu of housing and decent wages and hospitals and security for old age, the people are being asked to chase the will-o'-the-wisp of war prosperity. Here too promise and reality are strangers to each other. Writes the *Wall Street Journal* of May 20:

> The risk of exaggerating the effect of a new armament program on the state of business is obvious enough. It will, of course, create its own demand for labor and materials. But the "goods" so created will be economically non-productive; they cannot contribute to the raising of the *general* standard of living and conceivably their production may eventually work to lower it.

The work of lowering the general standard of living is already under way. Immediately after the President's message to Congress the Navy Department demanded modification of the Walsh-Healey act which requires prevailing wages and hours on government contracts. This law does not prohibit a work week longer than forty hours. It merely provides that workers shall be paid time and a half for overtime. Yet so vast is the capitalist lust for profit that this provision has been interpreted in the press as little short of treason; a great cry has gone up for the repeal or drastic modification of the Walsh-Healey act as well as the Wage-Hour Act and the National Labor Relations Act. In contrast, the patriotic industrialists, according to Ralph Hendershot in the New York *World-Telegram* of May 17, "may insist upon extra heavy profits."

The Roosevelt administration at first moved to comply with the clamor for gelding the Walsh-Healey and Wage-Hour acts. But opposition of both AFL and CIO and the approaching elections have caused White House circles to spar for time. According to David Lawrence (New York *Sun,* May 22), himself one of the loudest agitators against the labor laws, "the administration is betting on the possibility of doing this by regulation or by new legislation after, rather than before, the election."

One of the most ominous indicators of the goal toward which the administration is moving was the three-point policy announced by President Roosevelt at his press conference on May 21. The third point: "Under no circumstances will the administration sanction a weakening of the social legislative gains attained during the last seven years" can be taken with barrels of salt. The administration has not only sanctioned but initiated efforts to weaken the National Labor Relations Act. And without waiting for any amendment of the wage-hour law, Col. Philip Fleming, administrator of the act, is already weakening it by granting important concessions to various groups of employers.

Of the other two points: the pledge that not a single war millionaire will be created, and the injunction to labor not to attempt "to take advantage of its collective power to foment strikes and interfere with the national defense program to squeeze higher wages from employers in the so-called war industries," only the second has any meaning. Its intent is unmistakable. Workers, don't you dare strike, don't you dare ask for higher wages, or else. . . .

Note that the President made no threat against the war profiteers. His pledge that no war millionaires will be created is thoroughly empty. The fact is that the administration has not taken a single step to curb profiteering. On the very day the President spoke, the House Naval Affairs Committee approved a bill requested by the Navy Department to relax the profit restrictions on naval shipbuild-

Words America Must Heed

On May 21 Great Britain became a military dictatorship. William Gallacher, sole Communist member of Parliament, voted "No." The following statement, cabled us the day following passage of the statutes, is the kernel of his speech. Its message is one all Americans dare not ignore, particularly in the light of what is happening in Washington today.

BY TAKING away the liberties of the people of this country you are not helping forward the cause of liberty. The working class of this country had no say whatever in the policy which has led to the critical and desperate situation in which we find ourselves. The ruling class is responsible for what this country is facing and now seeks to save itself at the expense of the mass of people. The bill represents a deliberate attempt by the ruling class to conquer the working class. I and others put before Lloyd George in the last war proposals to give workers in factories, shop stewards, and trade unions a measure of control over conditions operating in factories. Lloyd George told us that anything of that character represented revolution and you couldn't carry out revolution in the midst of war. He meant that if any attempt were made to cut the power of the ruling class the ruling class would forget the war and protect its own interests.

We face a situation in which the ruling class is determined to hold power and bring the power of the independent organized working class to an end. Yet one thing that is important in this country at the present time is the strong independent working class movement. That is one thing that is essential in saving the people. When we talk about this country, it is people of whom we are talking and the masses of people are those who are going to be fettered and imprisoned under the bill. The working class will get absolutely nothing from the bill. On the other hand, the bill doesn't allow, and there will be no intention of allowing, doing away with the rights of private property. It is true there may be interference here and there with the rights of property and certain control of organizations, but nothing permanent or in any way extensive. If there were anything serious of that kind in the minds of the members there would be complete requisitioning of wealth and property. With all this talk about national unity and everything being wanted for the common good it is clear that the real interests of the members opposite me are private property and finance. I am concerned about this country, deeply concerned, but concerned for the masses of people against the small ruling class gang who have brought us to face the present situation. The masses of people had no say whatever in the policy which has led to the present situation, but it is they who are getting their liberties stolen by this bill while the property of the ruling class remains intact. The main principle of the property rights of a small group whose profits are going up all the time as a result of the war is adequately protected. You can see in the financial papers how the profits are going up at the same time the liberties of many are to be sacrificed. I completely and wholly oppose the bill.

WILLIAM GALLACHER.

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ing contracts. And whether or not any new war millionaires will be created, the old ones are doing exceedingly well by themselves. The Glenn L. Martin Co. (airplanes) trebled its profits in the first quarter of 1940 as compared with the same period in 1939. Du Pont profits in the last quarter of 1939 were the highest for any similar period in its history and in the first quarter of 1940 they were the second highest. The May report of the National City Bank shows that the largest profits in the first three months of the year were garnered by the industries closely linked to war production: metals, machinery and equipment, and oil.

Another ominous indicator of the Roosevelt goal is the Roosevelt-Jackson sortie against the foreign born. One of the glories of the progressive phase of the Roosevelt administration was its liberal attitude to the foreign born, its opposition to the anti-alien legislation habitually sponsored by such small-change fuehrers as Congressman Dies and Senator Reynolds of North Carolina. Recall the speech FDR made several years ago to a hostile DAR convention, his meaningful statement that both he and the embattled ladies were descendants of immigrants. Now all that is changed. The President himself proposes the shift of the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization from the Department of Labor to the Department of Justice. Senator Reynolds applauds. Every alien-baiter and race-baiter applauds. Attorney General Jackson, another tinfoil liberal, follows up with the announcement that his department will undertake a nationwide registration and fingerprinting of aliens. Foreign-born non-citizens are to be treated as a pariah caste, wards of J. Edgar Hoover and his Gestapo men. Simultaneously Jackson called on all citizens to become volunteer snoopers and report "acts, threats, or evidence of sabotage, espionage, or other disloyal activities"—an invitation to nationwide vigilantism. In line with this were the new threats against opponents of his war program made by Roosevelt in his frosty fireside chat last Sunday.

These are pre-war and pro-war measures. They are designed to lift the national blood pressure, to manufacture a "fifth column" hysteria under cover of which the real fifth-columnists, the assassins of peace and democracy, operate with impunity.

Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, the "philosopher" of the Roosevelt administration, has lifted this sordid business to a lofty intellectual plane. In a speech in New York City he said:

> When democracy is threatened from time to time by a huge psychic entity like that of the imperial Prussian militaristic spirit, it may be necessary to employ many of the weapons which we so heartily detest. Many individual rights may have to be sacrificed for a time to the democratic state in order to avoid the worse fate of being sacrificed to the imperialistic state.

These are Wilsonian phrases, as hollow, as mendacious, as detestable.

On all these questions there are no important differences between the Republican and Democratic parties. Such differences as

Aime

"C'est la guerre, gentlemen, c'est la guerre!"

exist largely concern method and procedure, or reflect the purely factional quarrels between the "outs" and the "ins." The slogan of "national unity" envisages a unity of capitalist reaction *against* the nation, against the abiding interests of the majority of the people. This slogan would dupe or coerce that majority into embracing and submitting to the unified command of the fuehrers of finance, the lords of war and desolation. Collaboration between the two major parties is already a fact. When Hoover, Landon, Knox, Dewey, Willkie praise Roosevelt's message requesting increased war funds, when Knox undertakes to train ten thousand pilots, that is collaboration of a very substantial kind. Men like Dewey and Taft may use honeyed peace talk to catch votes, but they support the essential Roosevelt policy of assisting the Allies.

The disagreements that have developed concern the forms and conditions of official collaboration. Dorothy Thompson, who journeyed to Paris to save Western civilization, has taken the bull by the horns and urged a third term for Roosevelt. Those who recall Miss Thompson's soprano fury at the faintest whisper of third term must conclude that her present passionate conversion is something more than the spastic reflex of a very frightened lady. It is capitalism that is scared. And though Miss Thompson may as yet represent minority opinion in the Republican ranks, it is not at all certain that she represents minority opinion in the capitalist class. (So deeply impressed has she been by the Reynaud-Daladier blitzkrieg against French democracy that in a subsequent column in the New York *Herald Tribune,* May 22, Miss Thompson heaped scorn on parliamentary democracy and predicted that the war would spell the doom of the party system of government.) Her fellow fifth-columnist, Walter Lippmann, is not yet ready to accept a third term for Roosevelt; but he too urges that the Republican and Democratic conventions be postponed and a coalition cabinet organized under the leadership of Roosevelt. The practical politicians of the Republican Party, however, have scented in the coalition proposals Roosevelt bait to trap them into abandoning all activity as a faction of the war party of big business. When Landon asks as the price of Republican participation in the Cabinet that the President renounce a third term, he is merely demanding that the Republican Party be allowed to take the steering wheel of the war machine with all the perquisites this would involve.

Obviously, America needs today a different kind of national unity. As yet nothing is in the bag. Let me again quote the confidential Kiplinger letter of May 18:

> Will the United States enter the war? as a belligerent? The answer at this time is not yes, but it certainly is not no. The trend is definitely and unmistakably toward participation in ways which will help the Allies most. Just which ways these may be has not been fully determined. They must await development of war abroad, and *of public opinion here.* [Italics mine.—A. B. M.]

In other words, *the American people hold the balance of power.* If only that idea could be brought home to every one of the 88 percent who are against going to war no matter what happens abroad. Our dilemma, our peril consists not only in the aggressiveness of reaction, its control of the government. It consists, too, in the fatalism and inadequate awareness on the part of many people. We Americans can win the fight for peace. We can defend America against the invasion of war and fascism. Capitalism plans horror and death, spiritually as well as physically. But it cannot chain our minds, our wills. There is still time to act, still time to avert catastrophe.

A. B. MAGIL.

Be-Kind-to-Profiteers Week

"THE President should break down the barriers between his administration and industry. . . . The men in industry are human beings. They work as do other human beings. They work more cheerfully, more earnestly, more efficiently, if they are treated with consideration and due regard for their feelings. . . . It is of vital importance that the men in industry be made to know that energetic cooperation in the national effort will be appreciated."—*Editorial on national defense, in the Baltimore "Sun," May 19.*

Sic Transit Wilhelmina

WRITING from Berlin after a tour through Holland, Beach Conger, New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent, May 21, reports intense indignation over the Dutch Queen Wilhelmina's flight to London.

> The capitulation [says Conger] has caused the bitterest resentment and elicited such statements as: "The House of Orange will never rule again here." On public proclamations the words "Long Live Her Majesty" have been scratched out, and "the people" or "the Fatherland" penciled in.

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Anybody Remember WPA?

Congressman Marcantonio wants to know. His speech in Congress the day after FDR asked another billion for war.

MR. CHAIRMAN, it is indeed most unfortunate that at a time when Congress has reserved some of its precious time for the discussion of the most important domestic problem which confronts the American people, instead of discussing that problem and instead of dealing with it as people who feel a responsibility toward the unemployed of this country, we have permitted ourselves the extravagant indulgence of a travelogue commencing with Harry Bridges in California and stopping with the umbrella of Mr. Chamberlain in London. We have also witnessed during the debate on this relief appropriation a new American pastime. Heretofore it has been baseball and football, but America's No. 1 legislators have created for themselves a new American pastime. We are now jockeys, we are riding horses, we are riding Trojan horses over the prostrate forms of the unemployed of America, who are seeking some consideration at the hands of the members of the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States. Therefore, permit me to be out of place and to discuss the problem of relief of the unemployed. We have before us a bill which at most will inadequately provide for two million persons to be employed on WPA. What I am concerned with is first, why should we restrict this employment to only two million? What justification is there to restrict the employment to only two million? In 1936, with unemployment estimated at 7,599,000, we had 2,545,000 on WPA. I am talking in terms of calendar years. In 1937, with unemployment at 6,372,000, we had 1,795,000 average on WPA. In 1938, with unemployment estimated at ten million, we had 2,764,000 on WPA.

THE RECORD

In 1939, with unemployment estimated at 9,067,000, we had 2,414,000 on WPA. In 1940, in January, with unemployment estimated at 9,185,000, we had 2,216,000 on WPA, and in June of this year, with unemployment now estimated at 9,500,000, we will have 1,700,000 on WPA. Under the proposed plan, the top we will ever reach, and that is not the average for the year, because the average will be less than two million, will be about two million on WPA. If in 1938, with practically the same number of unemployed estimated then as today, with a difference of only one-half million, we employed an average of 2,764,000 on WPA, almost three million men on WPA, what justification can there be with the same number unemployed in 1940 to employ almost a million less than we employed under the same unemployment conditions in 1938? Unemployment is practically the same; you cannot get away from that. Hence, why the cut in the WPA rolls? Some people are expressing the wishful thought that war purchases are going to cause an absorption of the unemployed in private industry. You who come from the steel mills of Pennsylvania know better than that. Steel is beneficiary No. 1 from war purchases. You know very well that despite war purchases, despite the increase of the purchase of steel, due to the highly technical development in those mills these purchases have made very little difference in that industry from the standpoint of reducing the number of the unemployed. It has made hardly a dent in the ranks of the unemployed, and the steel towns are still ghost towns with the specter of unemployment still hovering over them. This is what has happened in communities which are favorites of war purchases. What can you expect in other communities?

The President himself sent a message in which he stated that the indexes of industrial production have gone down to 105. From 127 we have reached a low of 105, and we are still in a tailspin. Hence, how can you justify a program for only two million? What are you going to do with the other unemployed?

The gentleman from Virginia [Mr. Woodrum] yesterday suggested that some of the eleven million are the responsibility of the local authorities. Yes: and most of the local governments are caring for them at indecent standards. He also failed to tell you that there are very few local authorities in the United States today that can withstand any additional load on their relief rolls. The city of New York and all the other cities in this Union are with their backs against the wall when it comes to the proposition of taking on additional relief cases.

Again I ask, how about the other unemployed? The gentleman from Virginia suggests that we give them an American wage. Fine, I want that, too, for the unemployed. However, who destroyed the American wage on WPA? Who made the miserable security wage possible on WPA? It was the gentleman's offensive against the prevailing wage in the bill last year that destroyed and abolished the American wage, the prevailing rate of pay on WPA. It was his bill that made possible the wage cuts.

My objection to this bill is that not only is it grossly inadequate but it continues for the unemployed an un-American, inhuman, and indecent standard. You are not going to alleviate the unemployment situation by low standards on WPA. I have introduced a bill that provides, at American standards, for three million jobs; that does away with the eighteen-month clause; and that does away with the wage cuts. Imagine women working in the various mattress and sewing projects being cut in the cities up north from $5 to $9 a month. That is exactly what has happened and what you continue under this bill. My bill would restore those wage cuts. My bill would remove those restrictions which make it impossible for many of the localities to establish and erect those very things which the gentleman from Virginia spoke about yesterday—buildings, projects of a permanent and useful nature, where you can employ carpenters, where you can employ bricklayers, where you can employ the skilled and unskilled labor of America who are seeking work and cannot get work because of the breakdown in our economic system. Labor would receive the prevailing rate, with hours not less than 120 nor more than 130 monthly. In no case will the national average monthly wage be less than $70. My bill also provides for assistance to states on condition that the states will extend relief to their people at decent American standards.

WAR ECONOMY

Now let me go back to those who feel that the unemployed will be given work as a result of domestic and foreign war purchases. Are we going to base the economy of America on these war purchases? If we do that, first of all, we are not going to do any good as far as absorbing the unemployed is concerned. Second, if we are going to permit the economy of this country to depend on war purchases, then remember we are increasing the economic pressure which will drive America into active participation in the World War. Adequate appropriations for jobs and decent standards for the unemployed will relieve this pressure and will aid in the preserving of our peace.

Most unfortunately, however, I do not expect that the unemployed in this country will receive much consideration from this House because many things have happened since the recommendation came to the Congress with regard to this bill. A great deal of war hysteria has been worked up in this House. Remember, however, that you are not going to forever solve the problem of unemployment in America by giving the American unemployed the job of stopping bullets and shrapnel at the front. The American workers want overalls, they do not want soldiers' uniforms. You talk about saving democracy. You want to save democracy in this country. You know deep down in your hearts that American democracy cannot survive another war. If we go into war our Bill of Rights, our freedom, everything for which our country has stood, will be destroyed, and it will take many and many a year before we can restore democracy to the American people after active participation in a war.

I say, therefore, let us go back and place the emphasis on our domestic problems. Let us emerge from this war hysteria and dedicate our attention to the most vital problem of our people. Let us get away from the hysteria which Trojan-horse jockeys are trying to work up in this country and let us immediately recover from the hysterical "blitz-

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krieg" on the peace of the American people which was pulled on the American people yesterday. Let us get back to our domestic problems. Let us get back to this problem of unemployment. Let us calmly, carefully, as patriotic Americans, owing a great responsibility to the people whom we represent, give adequate attention to the No. 1 problem of America.

American civilization rests or falls on the status of the American unemployed. Rome and its civilization fell because the unemployed of Rome became slaves. Whenever the unemployed of any country, whenever the lower one-third of any country are forced into abject misery and you smash their opportunity for a decent standard of living, that country falls.

I want to preserve my nation. Anybody can take a gun, anybody can go out and fight, but I think what we need is intellectual and moral courage to solve our economic problems, to improve our social and economic order, to preserve our peace and freedom, and to guarantee to the unemployed of this country a standard of living which befits an American. —*From the Congressional Record, May 17.*

A Czech Diplomat Speaks

Although the people of Czechoslovakia have the deepest reason for hatred of British and French diplomacy, in view of the Munich betrayal, some sections of the Czechoslovak national movement in the western countries, and in the United States, have openly sided with the Allied powers in their struggle with Germany. Simultaneously, general anti-Soviet slander has been fostered because the USSR maintains a socialist neutrality toward both imperialist powers. The Czechoslovak National Council in Chicago has published many statements attacking Soviet policy "as a betrayal of the Czech and Slovak cause." The council has insisted that after the conclusion of the Soviet-German pact, the Czech ambassador in Moscow, Zdenek Fierlinger, was "driven out." Mr. Fierlinger is one of Czechoslovakia's outstanding public figures and a leading member of its Social-Democratic Party. He has recently published an article in the pro-Allied *New Yorkske Listy,* a Czech daily which supports former President Benes. The article refutes the slanders against the USSR. We publish in translation extracts of this article.

WHEN in May 1939 I visited Paris to help prepare our fight for liberty, I publicly insisted that the Soviet Union would never change her loyal attitude toward us. I added, however, that we must not forget that the USSR may be obliged to look to her own national interests. . . .

Many of my countrymen consider the Soviet-German pact a betrayal. That is not so, in my opinion, even if we admit that the new Soviet policy implies a postponement of the solution of Czechoslovak problems. This is a very delicate matter, of course, and it hinges also on the relations between the USSR and the West. But the excitement over the change of Soviet policy is now diminishing even in the western countries, and therefore we should judge all things soberly. It is always necessary to seek the truth. Without understanding the objective truth, no correction of our mistakes is possible.

Before March 15, 1939, Hitler entertained his old plan of making war against the USSR and conquering the Ukraine. Certain political groups in the western countries accepted such plans with unconcealed jubilation. It was an open secret in Prague that negotiations continued between Hitler himself and representatives of Carpatho Ukraine toward the same end.

After March 15, 1939, Germany tried to attach Poland to German policy. Poland's strategic position had become very bad by the annihilation of Czechoslovakia. But it was obvious that in any new relations between Germany and Poland, the latter would have been forced into the position of a mercenary, forgoing its independent policy and its guarantees from France. Poland did not wish to place herself at the mercy of Germany. She could not go as far as Hitler desired.

Thereupon, Germany began simultaneous negotiations of an economic kind with Moscow. Since these referred largely to matters of the war industries, they also had political implications. Moscow had no reason to decline what the Germans offered. These negotiations were soon broadened considerably, and completed by a credit pact. It is very possible that by May and June 1939 Germany undertook the first steps to reach a political understanding with Moscow. . . . But at the same time, the Kremlin showed great impatience over the protracted development of the political agreement with the Western powers then going on in the presence of the British expert, Mr. Strang. As you know, these negotiations involved a common guarantee to the Baltic countries by France, Britain, and the USSR. But at the same time, serious new symptoms of appeasement of Hitler appeared in London. This aggravated the attitude of Moscow.

In the beginning of August the French and British military missions leave for the USSR, upon the latter's invitation. The Kremlin sees in these negotiations the first proof of a firmer stand in the West against Germany. Vladimir Potemkin, vice commissar for foreign affairs, receives me on Aug. 10, 1939. He seems to be highly appreciative of the fact that the military delegations will arrive. "Now the West cannot retreat any longer," he says, "now the West must negotiate seriously." And then Potemkin explains to me how the USSR imagines the tripartite pact will function. When I ask whether he considers that the pact is virtually completed, he makes this exception: "Of course, everything now depends upon whether the military delegations will bring with them concrete offers of military collaboration. Otherwise, all our suppositions are nullified." Exactly in what spirit these negotiations took place we will learn only after the official documents are published, someday. But at least a few things are known.

It was the opinion of military specialists that Poland could not defend herself against Germany longer than three months. Therefore, effective aid from the West was excluded. Nevertheless, Warsaw refused Soviet aid, which would have entailed the march of the Red Army through Poland. Only on Aug. 23, 1939, did Warsaw announce to Paris that she would consider negotiations for an agreement providing for direct Soviet assistance. That is, at the moment when the German-Soviet pact had already been decided.

From the Soviet point of view, the USSR would have been obliged to observe inactively the German aggression upon Poland and only after the defeat of the Polish Army would the USSR be expected to engage the German Army—somewhere on its own western borders. At the same time, the USSR had to reckon with Japanese aggression, and with the very doubtful neutrality of the Baltic countries, which at that time still calculated upon a combined German attack against the USSR. Another thing bothered the Soviet Union still more: Warsaw declined to supplement the Western guarantee to Rumania with a guarantee of its own. There was no plan for a common defense of Rumania in case of attack. At that critical moment, the Germans exerted themselves seriously to prevent a Soviet pact with the West, and increased the Soviet suspicions by producing arguments and information about the "unreliability" of the Western powers. . . .

I do not think that the meaning and significance of the Soviet note [protesting the German occupation of Czechoslovakia, of March 18, 1939] has been nullified for the future. This note contains not only legal but also moral arguments, formulated so sharply that no Soviet government can ever nullify or attenuate them. In the present stormy, but by no means finished development of Europe, the Soviet note of March 18, 1939, will keep its infinitely important significance for our case—forever.

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Perspectives on the Second Flanders

The war will not end there. Joseph Starobin assays the factors that resulted in the German gains in northern France.

THE military side of things dominates the news. The Germans appear to have won a major battle in Flanders. The great French industrial area, based upon Lille, and the heart of industrialized Belgium come within their reach. A million human beings face decimation or capture—the entire British Expeditionary Force, large Belgian and Dutch forces, and at least the First and Seventh French armies. Some of these troops can still do a General Custer at the symbolic town of Ypres. Some of them might withdraw in flight across the English channel. Others may smash at Cambrai in the hope of joining French forces hammering from south of the Somme. But unless a general French offensive loosens the German left flank, it is probable that before these lines are read the German victory in Flanders must be acknowledged.

Strategically, the German shore on the North Sea would be extended all the way to Narvik. Excepting westward across the Atlantic, British naval and commercial communications would be at the mercy of the German airplane and submarine. As Maj. George Fielding Eliot admitted in a particularly realistic column in the New York *Herald Tribune* for May 22, Britain will have suffered a major defeat. Her sole hope of influence and position on the Continent would rest upon the remaining French armies. If Germany is capable of engaging these armies successfully, the anticipated aerial bombardment of Britain would seem to be dictated by vengeance rather than necessity. And just how the Germans can invade Britain for the purpose of *capture* seems very unclear. Depending upon what happens in France, England may be transformed from the heart of empire into the floating kidney of a tottering imperialism.

Soviet experts, among others, do not consider the battle in Flanders decisive for the war. Red Army Commander A. Golubyev, as republished in the *Sunday Worker* for May 26, believes that "the present war cannot be finished off at one blow. A number of heavy offensives, the successful defeats of important enemy territories are necessary before the forces of enemy resistance are really exhausted." In this view, if the remaining French armies can rob the Germans of their initiative, the war "settles down," and the decision must be postponed until after the summer. By then all sorts of things can happen.

The current gag is that the French generals are trying to fight the last war. But it is also true that when people think of France they remember the same France which won the last war. This ignores the significance of the last twenty years, no—the last twenty months, the last twenty days.

Thinking of France, go back at least to the Stavisky scandals. Go back to the fall of '34, to the assassination of Louis Barthou, the last representative of independence in French diplomacy. Remember the Pierre Laval share in the Hoare-Laval infamy, which handed Ethiopia over to Mussolini. Remember that evening in Paris, during the visit of their Britannic majesties, when the decision to clamp down the Catalonian frontier was made, when the best ally that France might have had—the victorious Spanish republic—was doomed. Recall the ignominious nightmare at Munich, when thirty divisions of Czech soldiers—the defenders of Paris—were handed over without a blow. Remember the Nazi intrigue in which Mme. Bonnet herself and half the French Cabinet were implicated. Remember the query about Bonnet—French minister of foreign affairs, or foreign minister of French affairs?

Remember the *front populaire*—that brave fight to secure bread and liberty within the limits of capitalism—how the bank of England parachuted the franc, how the Socialists and Radicals ditched the bandwagon, too faithful to the two hundred families to keep faith with the people. One ministry after another received sums for an air force, but Czechoslovakia was handed over to the enemy on the grounds that France had no air force. And then the workers were asked to give up their forty hour week, their vacations with pay, for "national defense." But the Franco-Soviet Mutual Assistance Pact was exchanged for the Franco-German treaty of Dec. 6, 1938. Herr Hitler, it seems, had promised never to make war on France again.

Last January, only four months before the Germans came through at Sedan, *Le Temps* speculated upon a holy war against the USSR and Daladier boasted of the arms and planes which France had sent to Finland. Millions of simple folk, whose sons and brothers died for *securite,* whose taxes were spent for a great Maginot Line so that war might never again be fought on French soil, are now asked to rely upon the supernatural—on miracles! And it is the Communists who are hounded on the grounds of treason to France!

Whom does the ruling class have to offer? Paul Reynaud, the man who bloodlet the *front populaire* to death. And the rest of his Cabinet? Daladier holds the ministry of war. Laurent Eynac, the creature of Pierre Etienne-Flandin, holds a key post and now no less a democrat than Jean Ybarnegaray, the parliamentary spokesman for de la Rocque's Croix de Feu, the fascist stormtroops, has been brought in. This Cabinet is a fortuitous mosaic, without power among the masses, a coalition of discredited men. And what shall intelligent people think when, after two weeks of war, in the midst of a crucial battle a sixty-seven-year-old chief of command, together with fifteen generals, is replaced—by whom? A seventy-three-year-old general. And Marshal Petain, eighty-four years of age, is brought back from his mausoleum on the Spanish Riviera to give symbolic strength to a cause for which brave young Frenchmen are asked to give their lives.

The old order in France is corrupt, incompetent, profiteering, torn apart by its own jealousies and intrigues. It is simply incapable of defending France. Some of its statesmen represent the British ambition on the Continent. Others are waiting their moment to emerge as did Thiers in 1870—to make peace with Bismarck, and join their fury against the working men and women of Paris.

Last week the *Daily Worker,* alone among American newspapers, saw fit to publish the manifesto of the French Communist Party on the most recent events. This is the party of the French working class, which polled a million and a half votes at the last election. That was three years ago, the last election before elections were indefinitely suspended. People who have lived in France know this party—entrenched in the factories, in the munitions works, in the army, in the working class municipalities and villages: integral to French life. Two thoughts in this manifesto acquired a deeper meaning in the light of the past twenty days. First, the hammering emphasis on the treacherous incapacity of Edouard Daladier and Leon Blum. Second, the implications of the final paragraph:

> The people of France must impose its will, must take its fate into its own hands. We are sure that then there will arise from among our people all the material and moral forces that will enable them to escape catastrophe and safeguard their future.

Communists are precise thinkers. Coming in a week of threatening disaster, a document of this kind could not afford casual constructions. Evidently, in the opinion of men who know France, there is emerging the perspective which would transform the entire war.

It is too early to consider the potentialities of this perspective. It is impossible to judge what its transitional forms might be, and how all the forces of world politics would react to it. In Britain there appears to be more than routine alarm over the possibilities of a separate peace. Churchill has twice in the past week assured Britain that such a possibility was unthinkable. Duff Cooper echoes the same thought. A separate peace might itself be calculated to forestall the transformation of this war in the way that imperialism everywhere fears. On the other hand, such a transformation becomes increasingly the only way to forestall disaster for France.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

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Stand by Civil Liberties!

Carey McWilliams warns all Americans their democracy is threatened. We must maintain "traditional American policies of equality for all."

FULLY appreciative of the benefits of living under a democratic form of government and therefore eager to do all in my power to ensure the continued functioning of our democracy, I appeal to the people of these United States to take action to defeat the immediate dangers to our liberties.

As an American I must speak out. My country is in great danger! An officially inspired hysteria threatens to strip every resident of the country of his constitutional rights. The events leading to this dangerous, un-American situation have proceeded with lightning speed.

Consider what has happened in two weeks:

On May 16 President Roosevelt addressed Congress on the "National Defense," alluding in his speech to a "fifth column." Employers in many factories immediately issued orders for the firing of all aliens.

On May 20 Governor Rivers of Georgia issued a proclamation ordering the "voluntary" fingerprinting and registration of all non-citizens in the state. In Florida, New York, New Jersey, California, and Tennessee steps were and are being taken to achieve the same objective.

On May 22 President Roosevelt sent to Congress his Government Reorganization Plan No. 5 proposing to transfer the Immigration and Naturalization Service from the Department of Labor to the Department of Justice. The President requested that his reorganization plan be enacted by Congress within less than ten days instead of the sixty days required by law for changes in the government structure.

On May 23 Attorney General Jackson urged the registration of all aliens in the country and called on American citizens to spy on their neighbors.

All of these actions on the part of government officials have been accompanied by words of reassurance and words of caution. But what possible benefit can be derived from words of *reassurance and caution* when the very acts themselves have been anything but reassuring and have unleashed a national wave of "superpatriotic" hysteria?

The test of democracy is its vigilant defense of the rights of minorities—national, racial, political. Once those are destroyed, then the rights of *all* are menaced. Democracy is monolithic: it cannot be doled out in portions to some, denied to others. This is a truism of our form of government. And it is on the minority of foreign born that the assault upon our civil rights is centered.

America has always been considered a land of opportunity and equality for the immigrant. It was little more than two months ago when our President said, on March 2, in a greeting to the Fourth Annual Conference of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born:

Every American takes pride in our tradition of hospitality to men of all races and of all creeds . . . we must be constantly vigilant against the attacks of intolerance and injustice. . . . We must remember that any oppression, any injustice, any hatred, is a wedge to attack our civilization.

But what does our President say on May 22, when he submitted his Reorganization Plan No. 5 to the United States Congress?

. . . it is designed to afford more effective control over aliens. . . . This reorganization will enable the government to deal with those aliens who conduct themselves in a manner that conflicts with the public interest.

The same phenomenon is evident in the editorial stand of the New York *Times*. On Dec. 7, 1939, it declared:

If a racial minority of non-citizens can be registered, fingerprinted, and threatened with concentration camps, it may not be long before a political minority of citizens can be treated in the same fashion. . . . Anti-alien campaigns of whatever nature are a sickening travesty of Americanism.

And what does the same *Times* say on May 24?

We have aliens among us who sympathize with predatory European powers, and among them undoubtedly are some who would be glad to help those powers at the expense of the United States. The sooner we take steps to render them helpless the better. The proposed nationwide registration of aliens should be of service to this end.

We must fully understand the implications of these changed opinions since the present grave dangers to our democracy. The registration of aliens—the *Times* speaks of four million—is today as much "a sickening travesty of Americanism" and "a wedge designed to attack our civilization" as it was before.

What You Can Do

CAREY MCWILLIAMS recommends:

1. Write to the member of the House from your district and to the two senators from your state protesting any attempt to enact any of the so-called anti-alien proposals.
2. Get your organization to send resolutions and protests to your congressmen. Get every person you know and all the organizations in your communities to take similar action.
3. Write to your local newspapers urging editorial opposition to alien-baiting.
4. Get your organization to hold a public meeting, forum, or conference on the problems discussed in this article.
5. It is of the utmost importance that every citizen be constantly on the alert to defeat every manifestation of intolerance and bigotry. (Do not wait until you are asked to protest. Take action on your own.)

The speed with which the President has attempted to secure the enactment of his reorganization plan and the obvious effort to prevent any discussion of the proposed change lead one to suspect that there are motives other than those which have been expressed. *The alien presents no menace to the American people. On the contrary: he has helped build it to its present eminence. Not one iota of genuine proof has been brought forward to date that might show "espionage" or "sabotage" activities on the part of non-citizens. The only evidence presented has been charges and hysteria-provoking insinuations.*

There are a great number of objections to the transfer of the Immigration and Naturalization Service to the Department of Justice. We have not forgotten that it was the Department of Justice that carried out the illegal Palmer raids of 1920; it was the same department that carried out the recent Detroit raids. We recall too that Attorney General Jackson attempted to whitewash the illegal raids carried out by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The department will be enabled to raid meetings, arrest persons without warrant on the suspicion that they are aliens, deny them the right to counsel, and conduct activities that will terrorize and intimidate large sections of the population. Special concentration will be devoted, just as it was in 1920, to labor and progressive organizations.

It is to the progressive working and middle class people of America that I direct my appeal. To the carpenter, doctor, storekeeper, miner, housewife, machinist, automobile worker, student, lawyer. . . . *You are America. You and your rights are in danger.* These acts of intolerance flowing out of Washington into every nook and cranny of America will engulf you and your family, your trade union, your association, your club, and try to harness them to the war machine.

It is our joint efforts to build and protect the organization of the American people that can best serve to ensure the perpetuation of our American democracy. As an indication of America's answer to the current threat to civil rights, the American people will be meeting on June 7 in Washington, D. C., for a National Conference on Constitutional Liberties in America, under the chairmanship of Merle D. Vincent and the sponsorship of hundreds of prominent Americans.

Efforts such as this, carried on by the organizations of the American people, can protect constitutional rights and defeat the moves of pro-war elements. America owes a debt of respect to those who fought and won freedom for our people. America has a responsibility to fulfill to ourselves and to the generations to come.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS.

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The Lieutenant Says "Never Again"

Paul Crosbie, Harvard 1905, classmate of FDR, speaks to America today. "Why did I kill Paul Schneider?"

WHEN a man is old enough, his memory sometimes plays tricks on him. I am old enough to have been a first lieutenant in the war of 1914-18, and in 1940 I am still young enough to be fighting against the terrible dangers which will engulf our country if we are again led into war. And my memory is playing no trick upon me when I sometimes seem to be living again in those months between that August of 1914 when the German armies rolled into northern France and that April day of 1917 when President Wilson declared that the heart of the world cried out that we must wage a war without victory in order to make the world safe for democracy.

There is this difference, of course—that I am against war now, I, the same Harvard man, who was an editor of the Harvard *Monthly* back in 1904 when young Franklin D. Roosevelt was editor of the *Crimson.* As Associated Press correspondent for Harvard I obtained news from the files of the *Crimson,* frequently saw Frank Roosevelt, and during the years which followed had occasion to see him now and then, to write to him, to receive letters from him.

Yes, a Harvard man, an insurance man with an office in the Wall Street district, a former National Guardsman, a volunteer for the first Citizen's Military Training Camp at Plattsburg—and, with the years, seeking to understand and finally understanding that Lieut. Paul Crosbie was a very misled young man, a puppet in the strong hands of those who used him for their own selfish purposes.

AMERICAN CITIZEN

How did it happen, this transformation? I can trace the first step easily enough. I was not exactly of the stuff of my Harvard and Wall Street friends. I came from the Middle West, that hardbitten land of toil and trouble. Like so many others in those days of the American dream of perpetual prosperity, I went into business a stone's throw from the office I now occupy. I married and became a proud American citizen, father of five youngsters for whom I cherished aspirations of success and happiness in that simple life of which Pastor Wagner preached in those distant pre-war days. Proud of America, proud of its democratic institutions, the opportunities it offered me and my children—that was my mood thirty years ago.

It was this pride in America and this confidence in America's political leaders which made me volunteer for the National Guard in 1910. In those days Teddy Roosevelt was the darling of the progressive-minded young business men of whom I was an example. When war unexpectedly broke out in Europe, I went along with the big Bull Moose. What was represented to me as "the rape of Belgium," Germany's invasion of that country, affected me deeply. I responded to the propaganda of German atrocities and agreed with TR that Wilson was not preparing with sufficient speed for "defense" against German militarism. The National Security League, of which Henry L. Stimson (active again today) was president, represented this point of view. It was for war, early war; and so was I.

Never did I fathom the forces behind the war drive. They were, of course, much the same forces as today. Gen. Leonard Wood spoke in 1915 at a Harvard Club luncheon. Present were Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., young Elihu Root, Jr., Granville Clark, and others who belonged to the first families of finance. They lured me away from my five children, from the comfort of my Staten Island home, to join the Plattsburg camp where the socially elite prepared to lead millions of less well favored young men into the European slaughter.

Plattsburg was full of wealthy men and racketeers—fellows who wanted to "get in on the ground floor." I remember taking a stroll one night out of that camp and throwing

George La Mendola

"If you think this is bad, you haven't worked in a non-union shop!"

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stones at telegraph poles. My companions on that expedition were two aspiring politicians, Dudley Field Malone and John Purroy Mitchel, late mayor of New York. In the camp, preparing to be officers, were Robert Bacon, Long Island millionaire and former ambassador to France; Philip Mills, cousin of Ogden Mills, financier and later secretary of the treasury. There too were Richard Harding Davis, reporter for imperialism, Walter Gifford, multimillionaire of communications fame, and many other such.

DARK MANEUVERINGS

That was more than eighteen months before Wilson, who "kept us out of war," reversed himself on his liberal "New Freedom," just as Franklin Roosevelt has turned his back on his liberal New Deal. The intervening months had been spent in preparing my mind and the minds of my fellow Americans for the inevitable task of saving the skins of the Allies—months of maneuvers behind the scenes, of notes from Wilson to Germany, of continuous propaganda for Britain and France, months of continuous propaganda designed to distract American minds from the superprofits of the great financiers.

In that April of 1917 I made ready to give my life for what I thought was the best interests of my country. Proudly I had been No. 51 on the list of the first Officers Training Camp. Less than four weeks after the declaration of war, I had bid my family goodby and was on my way to Fort Myer, Va., where I underwent a speedy ninety days' training for my commission as a lieutenant.

I was a good soldier. Better than that, I was a convinced soldier. In September 1917 I received my shoulder bar and was assigned to Camp Lee, in the rolling hills of Virginia, where drafted men from West Virginia's farms and mines were being prepared for overseas duty.

They were sturdy, native-born Americans, these rookies, whose families had settled in the hills generations before. Not all of them understood why they had been snatched from their homes and thrust into the army. My duty was to explain to them that I was a family man—that I had given up a better home and presumably a better family than theirs. The war, I unwittingly told them, was a war for the democracy they had been enjoying until the moment they donned their khaki uniforms. To avert questions which probed too deeply beneath the surface, I told the recruits that they, like myself, were fighting for our children who were, as I said, hostages for a bright, happy, and democratic American future.

The months of training sped by. Soon we had weeded out the weaklings, the suspected dissenters. Soon we were all "buddies," soldiers of Battery F, 313th Field Artillery; I was in command of a mounted platoon. The boys and men who might have been enjoying the fruits of a rich life in their beloved homeland became trim, alert robots, part of a polished military machine, ready for transportation to the slaughter pen of northern France.

And subtly I fell into the rhythm of the military machine. Ours was a somewhat more than average democratic regiment, whose commander, now Maj. Gen. Charles D. Herron, in command of the Philippine Islands, understood the necessity of making his men feel that American militarism was different from the German kind, less harsh, less brutal. Occasionally we clashed with officers from the regular army, enlisted men who had been promoted because of the war. We thought not at all, however, of the Negro troops who were consigned to labor battalions, nor of the caste system which destroyed any vestiges of real democracy in the army.

We were shipped to Bordeaux and for a time were held in reserve back of the lines. Then on Sept. 12, 1918, we moved forward. Ostensibly we were to remain only three or four days in the advanced lines back of Saint Mihiel. Instead we were thrust into a position from which we were not withdrawn until the armistice of November 11 ended the merciless killing.

Our position lay between the Meuse and the Argonne, where the American offensive raged from Verdun to a point above Sedan in territory now once more ravaged by the horror of war. American military methods were simple and effective at that time for we knew that the last great German thrust had failed, that the Germans were becoming dangerously short of supplies and food. And so our artillery thundered in a powerful barrage, wrecking advanced German positions. When the fire died down our infantry advanced from one to four miles, time and again. Slowly, relentlessly, we inched forward, cautiously, armed with all the deathdealing contrivances of that kind of combat.

DEATH TOLL

My platoon consisted of about 175 effectives. Four were killed and twenty-five wounded; about forty more were lost because of disease—a total disability of approximately two-fifths of those who had sailed from America. Day by day the thunder of big guns, the apparently unceasing devastation began to trouble me more and more. Life was reduced to the primitive acts of eating, sleeping, and killing. The war—we never knew how long it might last. We were trapped in a half-world of unreality. Thought, reason, understanding, the ideals which I had taught to so many men in the camp, seemed remote. We had a job, a job of saving the world from destruction by the hordes of a madman, a Kaiser who wanted to conquer the world, or so we primitively thought.

One day I was restless. I quit the artillery emplacement and strolled forward, off duty, toward the infantry lines. I recall vividly the moment when I passed over some open space which had separated the opposing American and German trenches just before our last advance. Near a shallow trench I came upon the body of a German soldier. He was propped up on his left elbow. Beside him lay his German Bible, open face down upon the grass (it was opened to the Twenty-third Psalm!) and in his hand he held a package of letters, on top of which was a picture of a woman and five children, the same as my own family at home.

I sat down beside the dead man—I, the American officer whose command had launched the shell that had struck him as he had crouched hopefully in the friendly shelter of the ground. Mortally wounded, he had crawled into the sunlight to die. A picture post card in his hand was addressed to Paul Schneider (the same first name as mine) and I could read the words: *"Lieber Paul . . ."* and *"Deine liebenste Frau. . . ."* I felt that had Paul Schneider and Paul Crosbie been neighbors they would have been friends.

THE QUESTION

And as I sat there beside the dead man, I wondered what unholy power had driven me to kill another Paul, a German Paul, three thousand miles from my own quiet home. And by what strange accident had I happened to kill a Paul who, like myself, possessed five lovely, young, aspiring children? I determined to discover what this power was, what force controlled the mass of living, loving humanity and sent it forth to destroy, burn, crush.

Many years later—it takes a long time to be born twice in a lifetime—I moved through my accustomed days of being. I was back in New York, my children were grown up, when a new tragedy struck down the land I loved. I was older then, when the crisis came, when the depression blighted the millions of America. Financial changes did not affect me much personally, for my business was established. But I was troubled, still seeking an answer to the question dead Paul Schneider had asked me on that battlefield of 1918. Now, in 1932, as a member of the American Legion, I still felt that strong kinship for my war comrades which was born of common suffering. When Herbert Hoover called out the federal army to drive the bonus veterans out of Anacosta Flats in 1932, I realized that the smug coldblooded President was a symbol of the same forces of destruction. But a symbol of what?

Well, in those days my independence in politics had driven me into the Democratic fold. I hoped my old friend Franklin Roosevelt would liberate, give free rein to those enormous forces for good which the American people possess and which were being crushed. He was elected and I voted for him. But soon I realized that Roosevelt had no solution, just palliatives and dangerous ones at that. I decided to inquire, to read, to study, to know what was the matter with my land and the democracy for which I had fought. I called on a Socialist neighbor of mine in Queens and one evening we chatted until past midnight. He told me to wait. He told me that the Socialists were backing Franklin Roosevelt because he would spend the country into a new social system. We had only to

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wait. Capitalism would become so deep in debt that it would collapse and then out of the wreckage the Socialists would build socialism. I was a political ignoramus, but my instinct forbade me to sit idly by and wait for catastrophe in order to build anew.

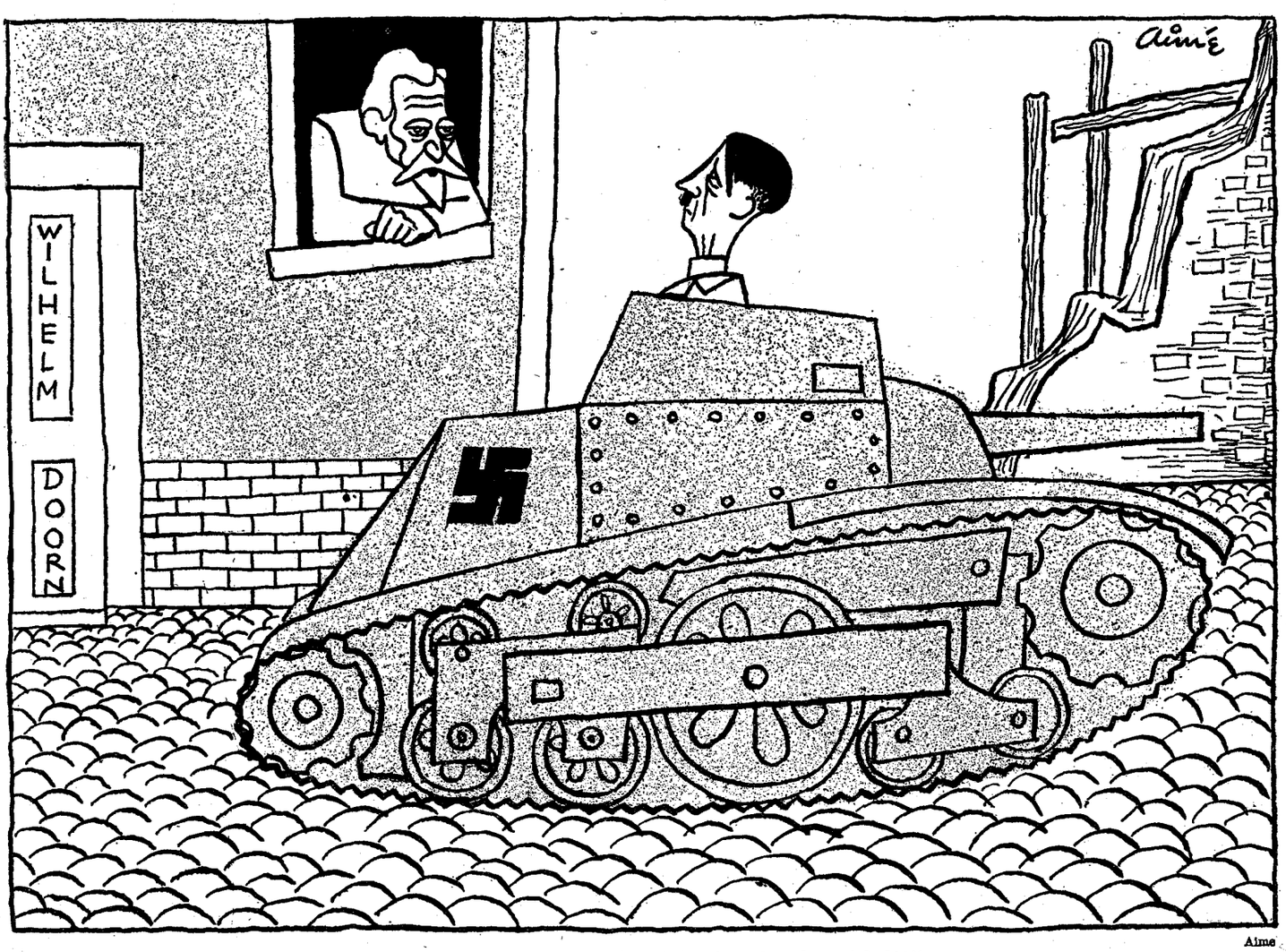
I LEARN A LESSON

I knew nothing of Communism except that I had accepted unchallenged the statement that it was un-American and that human nature made it impossible. I determined, however, that as a Harvard liberal I should investigate their program from their own publications. One day I visited the Communist headquarters. I talked with a Communist. I asked a few questions. I bought the *Communist Manifesto*. I read it and began that new period of education in my later life which came to a climax a few months later when I read Lenin's *Imperialism*. In the glowing words of Lenin's magnificent study of our unhappy world I found the answer. The world, Lenin said, was controlled in 1914, as it is today, by monopoly capital, combines, cartels, syndicates, trusts, concentrations of production and capital, mergers of banks and industries—tiny groupings of powerful men who command their political janissaries to slay, to burn, to kill. Why? And there Lenin wrote the answer to the question Paul Schneider asked that day. Nations and their citizens are but pawns in the vast world struggle for markets, for the division and redivision of the globe into colonies and semi-colonies. We, Paul and I, had fought the battles of other men. Our battle should have been not against each other but against the ruthless rulers, the bankers, the industrialists, the kings, emperors, princes, presidents, and puppets who care more for iron ore and wheat, gold and copper, than naked flesh, who salvage the bloodstained shells which have made men die and convert them into new deathdealing instruments.

THE WAY OUT

In this new moment of peril, when millions of young Germans again face French and British boys, intermingled in the bloody holocaust of 1940, I am resolved that no American youth shall kill the sons of Paul Schneider, nor die for the profit of Armstrong-Vickers or Schneider-Creusot or Krupp or du Pont or any or all of the other bloodthirsty imperialists of Britain, Germany, France, or America. Let the people of our land follow the example of the Soviet people —defend themselves against aggression by freeing themselves from the masters within their own land so that they and their children may forever live in peace. The first step? Not to wait for the forces of war to gather as they did twenty-five years ago; not to permit new Plattsburg camps to rise, new millions to be drilled and trained to kill other millions across the sea. My experience has taught me that I am a better American today when I fight for peace than I was in 1915 when I bent all my energies to lead our people into the kind of war which is being fought again today. Yes—I'll defend America, defend her from the enemies within and without who would destroy our democracy by the dictatorship of the warmakers. And so I work day by day now in the great anti-war Communist Party to build new organizations of our people which will stand fast against the destruction of liberty, the destruction of American lives in war. To such organizations all true Americans should belong, profiting from their experiences of the last quarter of a century, as I have from mine.

PAUL CROSBIE.



Aime

"Have you done any woodchopping lately, Adolf?"

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How Strong Is the Nazi Air Force?

Hitler is using bombers as artillery. Coordinating the air fleet with the "Panzerdivisionen." Can bombers win wars?

EVER since March 16, 1935, when Hitler announced that the Reich would no longer observe the Versailles restrictions on her arms, all the world has wondered exactly what the Nazi war machine would look like. It would be highly mechanized. It would include a large air force. It would be destructive in the extreme. Everyone knew that, or said he did. But the world has learned only since May 10, 1940, just how destructive it could be.

Two branches of the Nazi military forces, the air force and the armored columns *(Luftwaffe* and *Panzerdivisionen)* have rightly captured headline attention. Neither can be considered properly apart from the other, or from the remaining German arms, but I will for convenience' sake discuss the *Luftwaffe* now, and the *Panzerdivisionen* in another article.

Although the Nazis probably do not enjoy a total numerical airplane superiority of more than four to three, twice as many German as Allied craft are active in northern France. The Allies have had to hold more of their equipment outside the immediate theater of war—in the colonies, the Near East, southern France, and at Mediterranean bases—both for possible offensives on other fronts and in the event that the Reich should turn her attention elsewhere or Italy should enter the war.

COMPARATIVE FIGURES

The respective figures are eleven to twenty thousand planes altogether for the *Luftwaffe,* of which at least one-fourth are trainers, and nine to seventeen thousand for the Allies, of which many also are trainers. Many more Allied than German planes are over two years of age. Three to six thousand planes are being used on the western and northwestern fronts by the Germans; the Allies have been able to meet them with something like half that number. The disparity has actually increased because the Allies can less afford to lose planes than their opponents. The Allies would have to shoot down more than seven Nazi ships for every four of their own to cut down the German margin. Every day they do not do so increases the present Nazi air superiority. Casualties in the air are probably about even on both sides. Allied planes are being destroyed faster than they can be replaced, German craft not quite so rapidly.

The dreadful efficiency of the *Luftwaffe* —the efficiency of the whole Nazi war machine, in truth—is compounded of many factors. The obvious numerical superiority is only one. Extremely close coordination with other arms, through understanding of the limitations of each weapon, unbelievably painstaking preparations, sound production engineering, an ability to turn weakness to advantage, decentralization of responsibility, and flexibility (once a previously carefully planned operation has been set in motion) are equally important elements of German air superiority. Gen. Erhard Milch, Goering's lieutenant, the man who actually built the Nazi air force, and his associates are years ahead of their rivals in each of these respects. The *Luftwaffe* is one more triumph of German methodology and capacity for organization, aided by the blunders of its enemies.

Forgetting the newspaper headlines, it is a fact that the Nazis have engaged in practically none of the long distance raids so often predicted a la Gen. Giulio Douhet, Italian fascist inventor of the "blitzkrieg." Nearly all systematic German bombing has been carried out in areas within 150 miles of Nazi bases. A few long distance bomb-dropping expeditions have taken place on such a small scale that I suspect the Nazis have quite another purpose in carrying them out. They seem to be intended solely as diversions to make sure that the Allies keep at home plenty of planes which might otherwise reinforce crucial areas at the front.

There are three reasons why the Germans refuse to engage in long range air action. Aerial bombardment is identical with artillery shelling in one respect: it is merely a means of dropping a given quantity of high explosive on a particular place at a particular time. But the artilleryman (and the German airman as well) knows that artillery's effectiveness comes mainly from repetition—putting a shell on the same spot every few minutes until all the people in that spot are killed or forced to get out. One shell, or one bomb, never destroyed an army or cowed a people. Such large scale high-frequency egg-laying is not possible at great distances for any air force in the world today. Simple arithmetic explains why.

BOMBING RANGE

A bomber ordered to attack a target one hundred miles from its base can make the trip and do its job in an hour and a quarter. It can make perhaps eight or nine such trips in a day. The same bomber, driving against an objective five hundred miles away, requires six or seven hours for the same single trip. It cannot make more than two a day. To drop the same number of bombs on the more distant target as on the one closer by would require four times as many planes. The weight of the attack which any given number of planes can deliver varies inversely as the distance: double the mileage halves the effectiveness. The cost of bombers, in terms of labor and materials, is tremendous. No country can have enough bombers to employ in leveling cities at great distances, all the talk about flying fortresses notwithstanding.

The second reason why the Reich has not engaged in long distance bombings springs from a first principle of war, namely, capture of the enemy's vital centers and positions. One body of men aims to trick, push, or blast another body of men out of them. Key enemy points can be won directly or indirectly by crippling the enemy at one place so that he cannot hold another. The internal-combustion engine (and not the tank, plane, or any other single weapon) has wrought a revolution in warfare in the last two decades but the objective of warfare hasn't changed. Only the means of gaining it have. Air forces themselves cannot hold ground, and parachute troops cannot ordinarily be landed in sufficient quantities or with enough materiel to hold vital areas hundreds of miles inside enemy territory long enough for mechanized columns to reach them. When there is so much to be done in much nearer zones, why, therefore, divert squadron after squadron to something whose immediate military usefulness is small, since the ground cannot be held?

The third objection to large scale, long distance attempts is the fact that virtually all bombers are at a serious disadvantage if attacked by defending fighters. They need convoys. This is possible only over relatively short distances.

PURPOSE OF "LUFTWAFFE"

If the *Luftwaffe,* doesn't go in for long distance, independent striking action, what then does it do? Primarily it operates in the zone where it can get artillery's repetitive effect. That is exactly what the Nazis are using their aircraft for—long range artillery. Mechanized warfare, by increasing the distance through which an army can act in a day, has made the front much deeper than ever before. Reserves, as a result, are kept farther behind the lines. One of artillery's primary missions is to lay down a reserve-destroying barrage just before an attack. Artillery can no longer reach all the deeply placed reserves. Aircraft can. In 1914-18, field guns blasted out a path for waves of infantry. Today German planes blast out a path for German tanks. But the strategic purpose is the same.

Despite the rigorous regimentation of the German people and centralization of the German state, German armed forces are decentralized. Once a group has gone into action and its previously assigned task proves impossible, the Nazi commander on the spot always has authority to change plans. The airplane has come in very handy in this re-

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spect. For the *Luftwaffe's* dive-bombing Stukas also feed local unit commanders of mechanized ground forces a continual stream of up-to-the-second information about where the enemy is holding, where he is weakening. The Germans pick the soft spots accordingly.

This use of an air force requires extremely close coordination of the land and air arms. The Germans have achieved it. It is interesting to note, by contrast, that there has been a good deal of friction among the RAF, the Royal Navy, the British Expeditionary Force, the War Office, and the French Army command right from the start of the war. Air Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, RAF chief of staff, and Gen. Joseph Vuillemin, Armee de l'Air commander, don't get along with each other. The British Army wants more planes under its control, it charges lack of Royal Air Force support in Norway. The Admiralty wants control of overwater patrol planes based ashore, and the RAF demurs vigorously. The French forces are much more highly centralized, and therefore more rigid, than the Nazis.

AIRPLANE TYPES

Technically, the *Luftwaffe* shows systematic thoughtfulness. Its equipment has been rigorously standardized. Fewer types are in production than in England or France. Though each type has been mobilized many times, only three different bombers (Heinkel 111, Dornier 17 and 215, and Junkers 88), one dive-bomber (Junkers 87), one scout (Henschel 126), two single-seat fighters (Messerschmidt 109 and Heinkel 112), and one multi-engined fighter (Messerschmidt 110) are represented in the *Luftwaffe*. The British are currently producing six bombardment types alone and cracking their production engineers' heads against a stone wall of endless complications. The Reich's air industry employs 400,000 men and produces 2,500 planes a month. England has at least as many workers on the job, but turns out less.

Like the rest of Europe, the Reich went in early for high fighter gunpower, recognized the fact that a twin-engined fighter can fly faster, farther, and carry more guns than any single-engined plane of the same date. So she has her Me 110. No necessary types are missing. Not so the British, however. Though the first multi-engined fighter in the world, the Westland Lynx, was English (built a decade ago), it was a failure and the type was abandoned completely. Ship for ship, British single-seaters are better than their German equivalents, but that is rather irrelevant. They cannot stand up to the big Messerschmidt. The British now rue their mistake, but it may be too late for Britain, whose officer corps has been a reserve for too-dull-to-go-into-business-or-law second sons of the nobility, and whose top defense and war-industries posts go to "gentlemen" instead of engineers. A genteel manner may hypnotize American tourists but it doesn't cut any ice with a hydraulic shear press or a thousand-horsepower motor.

I am neglecting for the moment any discussion of the Reich's fuel reserves. There are many opinions—for example, the Nazis are supposed to be eating into their reserves at the rate of 25,000 tons per day, or more than twice as quickly as they are manufacturing fuel, even with four different synthetic processes and imports. On the other hand, they are reported to have had a three-million-ton fuel reserve when the war broke out, and their occupation of Norway, the Netherlands, and Belgium is reported to have yielded one million more. When and whether exhaustion of supplies will arrive, even assuming the present tempo of the war for some time, is difficult to estimate. One thing is certain. The German air force, powerful and able though it is, will not of itself win the war. As usual, the Germans are winning all the battles, and they may take exception to the British rule and even win the last. But that takes us to the *Panzerdivisionen,* the German mechanized troops, and another article.

GERALD GRIFFIN, JR.

Democracy's Duke

NEW YORK members of the Friends of the Duke of Windsor in America will hold a dinner on the duke's birthday, June 23, to pay tribute to their royal highnesses, David and Wally. A publicity release from the organization states:

A proposal to be made at the dinner, unique in the history of international affairs and of peace treaties, will be to the effect that his royal highness be invited to attend the peace negotiations at the close of this war, not as a representative of the British people, but as an extra-official, or non-governmental representative of all the peoples of the earth, as distinct from racial, national, or governmental agencies.

In accord with this conception of the duke of Windsor, a suggestion will be made to the guests to change the annual commemoration of the accession to the throne of Edward VIII and to celebrate instead the anniversary of the abdication, when Edward entered the arena of democracy as an individual.

Youth and the Third Reich

The Regime asserts that Youth
Has already been won for the Third Reich.
Which means in ten or a score of years
The whole people will consist of
Followers of the Regime.
What childish arithmetic!

Anyone who hasn't had to bring home the bacon
But finds it lying on the table, says
"It's easy."
But in ten years he's got to shift for himself
And bring home the bacon for his own kids.
Will he still say then—
"It's easy"?

Anyone who hasn't had
The last mark sucked out of him
Will praise the Regime.
But once the last mark *is* sucked out of him,
Will he still praise it?

Anyone who hasn't heard bullets whistle, says
"Shooting is fun." Once he has heard
The bullets whistle, will he go on saying,
"War is a picnic"?

Oh, if children didn't grow up,
You could tell them stories forever.
But when they grow older
That's the end of it!

When the Regime rubs its hands and speaks of Youth,
It is like a man
Looking at a snowy heath, rubbing his hands and saying,
"How cool I shall be here in summer
With so much snow!"

BERTHOLT BRECHT.

(Translated by H. R. Hays)

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The Dogwood Blooms in Logan County

Art Shields revisits a battlefield. The Baldwin Felts mobsters were routed nineteen years ago. Gone are the gunmen. "The union won."

COME to West Virginia in the spring to see the mountains white with dogwood and the rivers shining below. But don't miss the best thing of all, the tall, rangy coal miners, who have made West Virginia one of the strongest union states in the last few years. It didn't come easy, that victory. Every mining creek has rung with the crack of the gun thug's rifle and the rattle of the miners' defense. The hills have been white with the tents of evicted miners' families, as well as with dogwood. And the company towns that lie hidden at the bottom of the winding creek valleys were disfigured with Baldwin Felts gunmen as well as with some of the worst housing in the world.

I went back to West Virginia this May to see a different world. The dogwood was glorious as ever but the tent colonies were gone. The gunmen weren't swaggering up the creeks as before with a bottle of liquor on one hip and a gun on the other. The company town shanties were still there but the armed mercenaries were gone. The union had won. The mountains of Logan County, where I saw eight thousand miners marching with high powered rifles against the gun thugs nineteen years ago, are solidly organized today. A measure of civil liberties has been won. I saw Communist organizers going up Cabin Creek for signatures to put the party on the ballot, and most of the miners were signing, not as Communist Party members, but as workingmen who wanted the chance to vote for a working class party in November if they thought fit to do so.

The high point of my visit to West Virginia was a run out to Matewan, a little town between the steep, rising hills of Mingo County and the rapid Tug River that washes the shores of Kentucky. There in Matewan the miners and townspeople wrecked the Baldwin Felts Detective Agency, the biggest gun thug outfit in the nation, just twenty years ago.

MATEWAN

I hadn't been there since September 1921, shortly after Sid Hatfield and Ed Chambers, the town's two finest young men, had been assassinated on the courthouse steps at Welch, in McDowell County near by, while their wives stood beside them. That ghastly murder caused the miners of the state to rise and march eight thousand strong against Logan, the central citadel of West Virginia thugdom.

I came back to Matewan with a feeling of thrill and of pain. I wondered how many old friends I'd still see. As we rolled up the one street of the town, I was looking most of all for Reece Chambers—"Daddy Reece," some folks call him. And sure enough Daddy Reece was one of the first men I saw, still big and strong, though going on seventy-five. There he was, standing on the high sidewalk talking to his daughter-in-law, with the same big smile I used to see in court in Williamson in '21 when he was on trial for his life the second time for his part in the defense of the town against the Baldwin Felts gunmen.

Ed Chambers' dad doesn't talk of his own role in the defense of the town against the thirteen gunmen armed with rifles and revolvers who came to Matewan May 19, 1920, and began evicting miners' families and ended up, yes, ended up at Mayor Testerman's store. He tells about the fight, but not of his part, though everyone knows that Reece Chambers and Sid Hatfield turned the tide of battle when the gunmen started shooting.

"We had to fight," said Daddy Reece. "Albert and Lee Felts and the thugs with them. They came here to kill us all. They wanted to kill us to break the strike in Mingo County. *They* got broken instead," he said, and he chuckled briefly with that same quiet chuckle he gave in the courtroom nineteen years ago when the prosecutor asked a miners' witness if he didn't hate the Baldwin Felts men, and the witness slowly answered No, he didn't hate dead men. "The Baldwin Felts agency was broken up," went on Reece. "Old Tom Felts, the chief, went to a sanitarium afterward and the agency lost its license."

MINERS' SAGA

Reece Chambers would have made a great reporter. He missed no details as the rifles and automatics were roaring around him and he wasn't just a passive observer. He missed no detail, but he has a certain delicacy about naming all the names of the battle which started in the entrance of Testerman's store when Albert Felts and a thug named Cunningham rushed in, with their pack at their heels. "Mayor Testerman fell and Albert went down with a shot through the eye. It didn't kill him at once but he went down. Cunningham went down with a bullet in his forehead, right here. I saw the skin break as the bullet hit him and he went down easy like this, his knees going out. Lee came running up shooting at me. He wasn't farther than that car," pointing at an auto twelve feet away, "but he never touched me. . . . Lee goes down. Two other thugs were shooting at me but missed."

"Were they good shots?" I asked.

"They were," said Reece, "but they were excited."

Jim Chambers, Reece's brother, was down with a bad wound. Old man Brewer was dead and a miner's boy in his teens was dead too. But the gun thugs were falling fast. Miners, deputized by Mayor Testerman, were shooting it out with them.

Sid Hatfield came running round the corner from the store with both guns blazing. Gore, one of the thugs, knocked Sid down with a bullet that tore off a piece of hat brim and glanced off his skull. "Sid picked himself up and was back in the fight," said Reece. Sid, incidentally, was the chief of police of the town.

The gunmen were in flight. Some got away, but not Ferguson, a middle-aged thug of forty-five with a long, murderous record. Ferguson fled up an alley and banged at the door of the Widow Judy to get in. He was wounded, he said. The widow told him to get himself a doctor and barred the door in his face. He never got to the doctor.

VICTORY

The town had won. Albert and Lee Felts and five of their toughest gunmen were dead. The miners, with the help of the mayor, who deputized them, the chief of police, and Reece Chambers, the concrete contractor (he did his own work) had defended democracy successfully. No wonder Tom Felts went nuts (dying later) and the coal operators were half crazy too.

Reece Chambers is soft spoken. He doesn't curse. He goes to the church near his home. He loves the dogwood in the mountains and the tales of the old days when he was young, before the mines were opened. He tells of hunting and fishing and working in the saw mills and seeing the mountain people running cattle to the markets below. They lived better then than they lived when the best timber was gone and the mines took its place.

The unions have doubled the wages at Matewan. There's a CIO sign in the restaurant windows and the Red Jacket Coal Co. has a closed shop and the seven-hour day. That's better than ten, twelve, and fourteen hours. But jobs are getting fewer. Coal loaders and conveyers are scrapping the older workers and WPA jobs are vanishing and death, yes death, takes their places.

I saw death waiting in the home of an ex-miner of fifty-five, just laid off WPA. He stood by the bedside of his wife, who was dying of tuberculosis. The skin was drawn tight over her face. You could see every bone ridge. "She was taken so bad last night I thought sure she would die," said the man. "I couldn't get the food she needs when I was on WPA. There's nothing now."

A daughter in her early teens stood quietly by. The father had a fine, kindly face. He had seen his wife fading slowly since she was stricken first nine years ago. The state t.b. institute wouldn't take her. They wanted some money, which he couldn't pay. That meant condemning her to death, which won't be long

(Continued on page 18)

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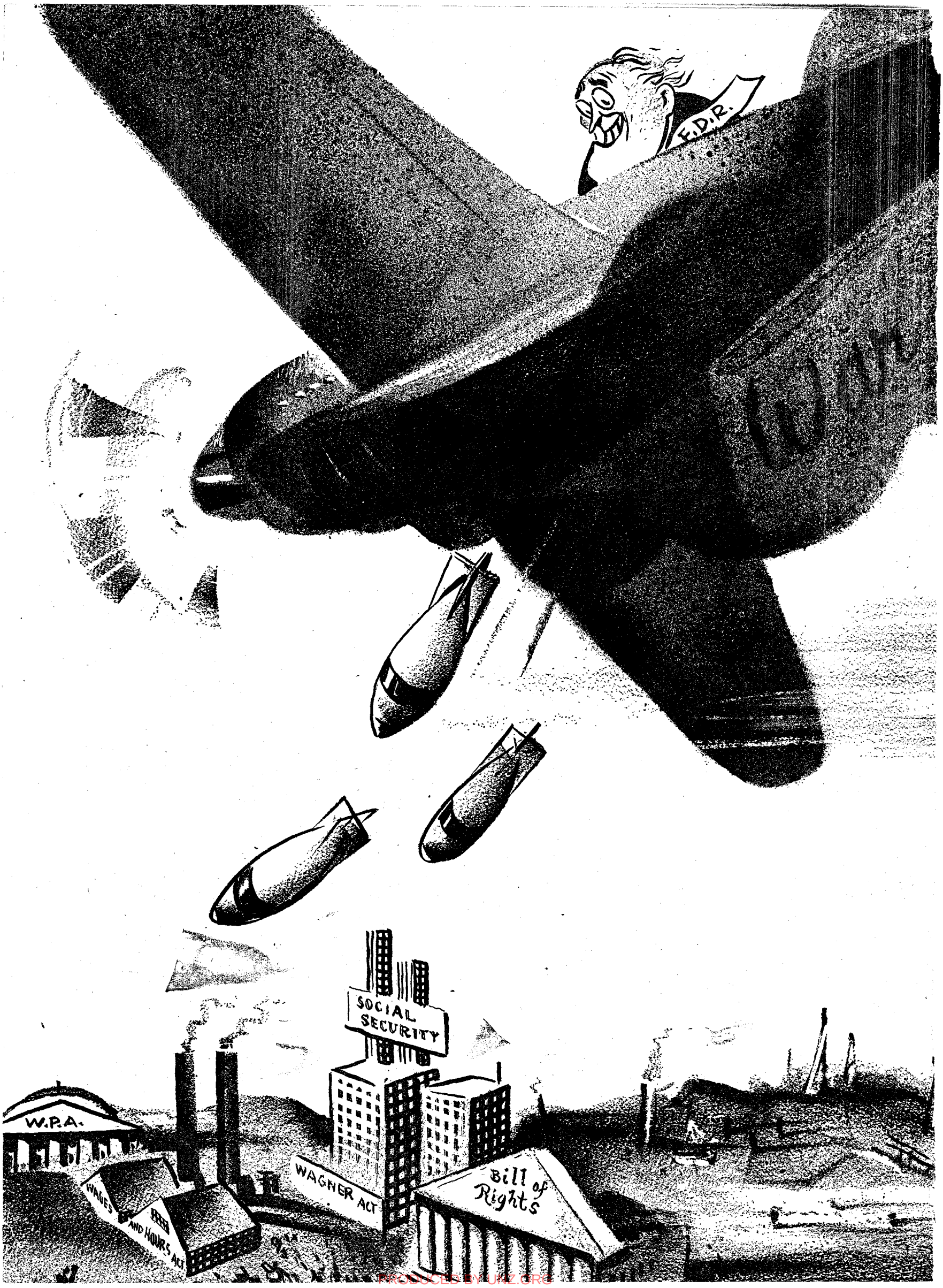

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(Continued from page 15)

delayed now. I wish President Roosevelt and every politician responsible for the WPA cuts would enter that house of death and see what they are doing.

The working miners are thankful for their union, but unemployment, and part time unemployment, is a specter at their door. Eight beautiful children live in the house I visited next on the hill just back of the town. The father came in from the mine while we sat, a tall, youngish man, with prematurely graying hair.

"The mine is working well now," he said, but for long months last year he got only one day a week. He gets $6 a day, that means $30 a week for the last few weeks he's been working full time, $12 to $18 when he was working two and three days for some time before, and only $6 a week for several months last year. Ten folks live on that. That means bread, beans, and potatoes and hardly any meat. A little fat pork for seasoning the beans, but red meat hardly ever, and very few clothes or anything else but the rations and rent.

They've got a conveyer in the mine and all day he shovels coal into the conveyer, stooped low by the coal seam. In the old room and pillar mining days, when he was paid by the ton and the boss came around once a day, he could stretch for a minute or two sometimes. Now it's shovel, shovel, without a minute's rest all the day, with the boss standing by, and more men out of work as more mines get loaders and conveyers. Well, it's good he's got the union or he wouldn't get that $6 a day.

At the next house we visited on the hill a sixty-eight-year-old miner, getting $8 a month pension (just $8, that's all), showed us the route of a thug's bullet that bored holes through doors and partitions through the house. It was fired from the Kentucky side several hundred yards away during the 1920 strike. The federal government didn't interfere with such interstate action.

The Baldwin Felts gunmen who did this, the thugs Bob Minor wrote about in his wonderful story of the Matewan battle in the old *Liberator* magazine twenty years ago, are gone. The union has won. I left Matewan happy with the knowledge of that. But many miners know that the union isn't safe while growing unemployment brings hunger and death. They know that the politicians are no barrier to the return of the gun thugs. That's one big reason why the miners are thinking more and more about a working class, third party.

ART SHIELDS.

Will He Take a Wage Cut?

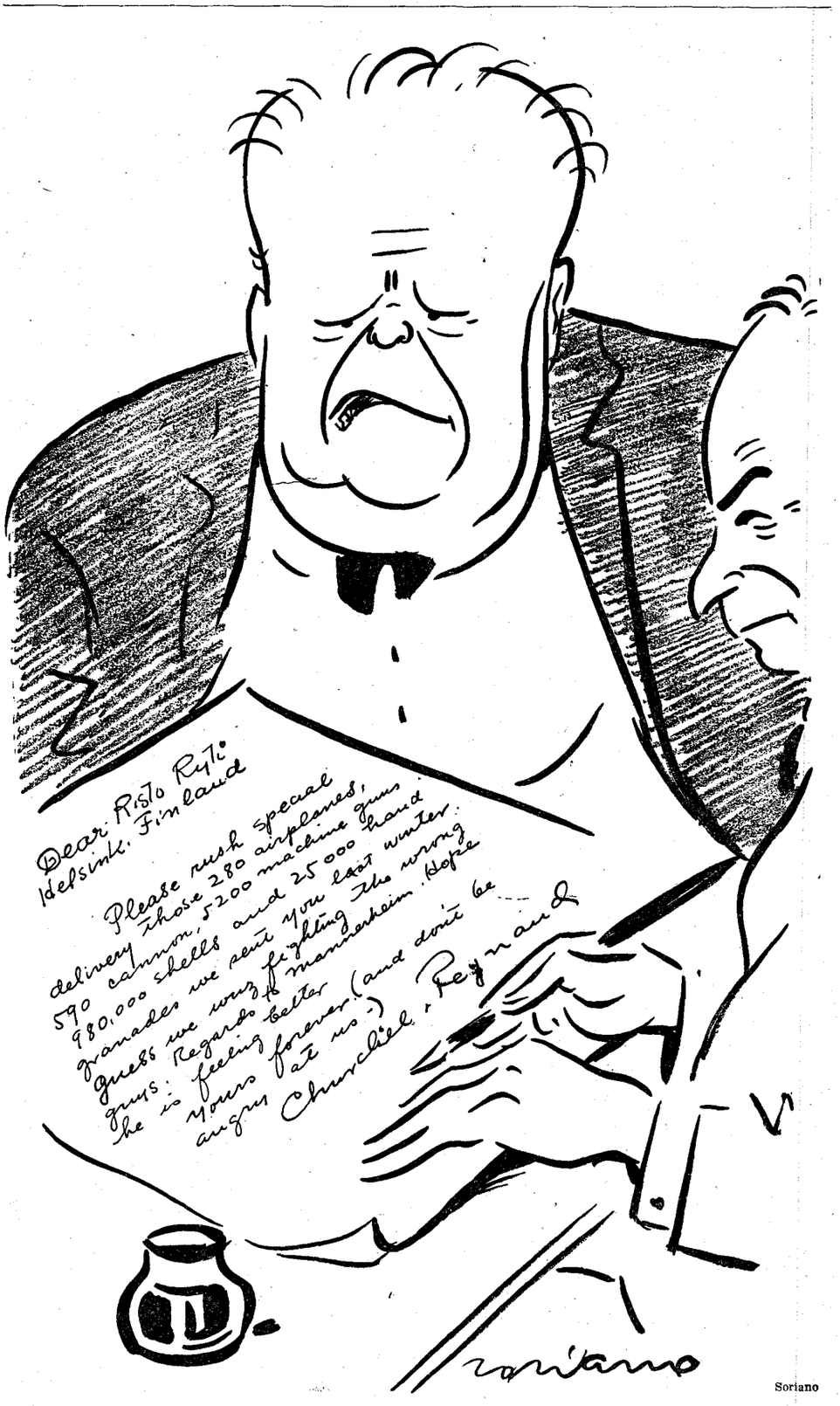
EMPLOYEES of publisher Frank Gannett's nineteen newspapers have something besides salary reductions by which to remember their millionaire boss. Each one of them recently received a biography of Mr. Gannett, inscribed by him: "With appreciation and best wishes to my fellow worker."

Guns with Diplomas

HIGH school principals are cooperating with the army in an effort to recruit 1940 graduates in San Francisco. The *People's World* of May 18 publishes a photostat of a letter sent the boy graduates by Col. G. T. Perkins of San Francisco, which reads in part:

> Your name has been given to me by the principal of the high school from which you are scheduled to graduate in the near future, as one who might be interested in, and who, in his opinion, would be qualified for an enlistment in the United States Army. . . . The Regular Army . . . provides a real opportunity for ambitious young men entering its ranks who can meet the rigid requirements for entry therein to prepare themselves mentally, physically, and morally to cope with modern life.

Nowhere does the letter intimate that "to cope with modern life" may mean a trip across the ocean and coping with the most modern forms of death.


Dear Risto Ryti
Helsinki, Finland
Please rush special delivery those 280 airplanes, 5200 machine guns 590 cannon, 980,000 shells and 25 000 hand grenades we sent you last winter. Regards & manderheim. Hope guess we wuz fighting the wrong guys; he is feeling better (and don't be yours forever (and don't be angry at us)
Churchill, Reynaud
soriano

Soriano

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NEW MASSES
ESTABLISHED 1911

Editors
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★

M-Day in London

"GLEICHSHALTUNG" has come to Britain. Over the protest of only two MP's, David Kirkwood, Laborite, and William Gallacher, Communist, the Churchill government has taken powers, which, as the headlines say, "are equal to Hitler's." Workingmen can now be commandeered for any purpose that suits "his majesty." One million miners have already been rushed to the pits, women workers are fast replacing men in transport, munitions manufacturers are speeding up. All of labor's rights, achieved by such sacrifice since the Chartist days, will now be destroyed; every trade union contract can be nullified by decree, the hours of work lengthened, wages arbitrarily fixed. Is this socialism? Is this economic planning? Nothing of the sort. It is the offering of the British labor leaders so that the economic and political relations of British imperialism may be preserved, those same relations which are responsible for this war. It is British M-Day, no nearer to socialism than was national socialism in Germany, no nearer to socialism than M-Day would be here.

Nor is it proof of democratic vitality that Parliament itself approved this abdication of ancient British liberties. This Parliament was elected in November 1935—think of what has happened since! Of the four hundred-odd Conservative majority, 181 are directors of British companies, 236 are members or related to members of the aristocracy, as the Left Book Club *Tory MP* reveals. Nor is this fascization of Britain "democratic" because the Labor members of the Cabinet themselves proposed it and themselves carry it out. On the contrary, it is for that reason more tragic and treacherous. Morrison, minister of supply, Greenwood, without portfolio, Bevin, minister of labor—they have taken the job of rescuing British imperialism at a moment when the imperialists themselves could no longer do so. Major Attlee was even permitted the gracious task of proposing this bill, while Churchill conveniently absented himself in France.

Yes, of course, property will be mobilized too. There will be a 100 percent tax on excess profits. We prefer to observe how that works out. In Sir John Simon's budget the profits tax was reckoned on the 1936-39 average. On that basis the coupon-clippers won't be doing badly at all. As NEW MASSES for May 7 noted, British industry has been slicing juicy dividend melons in the past weeks, anticipating restrictions, thus enabling the "poor rich" to lay away for a rainy day.

The "fifth column" scare is equally deceptive. Several thousand aliens have been quarantined. Oswald Mosley has been silenced, and two MP's arrested. But the real fifth column, the enemies of the people, are still in the saddle. Chamberlain is in the Cabinet, Sir John Simon has been elevated to the peerage, and Sir Samuel Hoare will vacation at the Embassy in Spain. But the Cliveden set, where are they? Lord Londonderry, Lady Astor, Lord Lothian—the members of the Anglo-German Fellowship?

> Today's move against the extreme right [says the New York *Times* for May 24] was regarded . . . as a carefully calculated tactical move. . . . As the arrests were warmly applauded by the Labor Party, it will be difficult for the latter to protest very vehemently when Sir John Anderson follows . . . with a drive against the extreme left wing.

That drive has already begun and Sir Walter Citrine's damage suit against the London *Daily Worker* was part of it. Death has been decreed for "traitors," and long prison terms for "persistent hindrance of the war effort."

The British people will be shortchanged for their sacrifice, as people always are under fascism. Mr. Churchill's national "defense" is national deception—the real offensive is directed against the people. Here is one British lesson we may well digest.

Anglo-Soviet Relations

TASS, official Soviet news agency, made public last week a lengthy statement clarifying the issues of Anglo-Soviet trade discussions. Last October the British themselves broke off trade discussions just prior to the Finnish fandango. In March they suggested a renewal of discussions, to which the USSR agreed on the condition that its two steamers, held in Far Eastern ports, be released. The British replied by demanding guarantees that Soviet imports be kept from reaching Germany. The USSR rejoined that it would trade with whomsoever it pleased, that its steamers must be released, that it was willing, however, to assure London that Soviet imports from Britain would not reach Germany. The British again "raised a whole number of new questions regarding trade relations between the USSR and Germany." The Soviet steamers had been turned over to the French and Halifax insisted that the Soviets conform to British contraband controls. Moscow finally replied to this runaround with the observation that "the very fact that the British government raised for discussion questions falling solely under the competence of the Soviet government does not testify to a desire of the British government to conduct trade negotiations with the USSR."

A day later the British decided to forgo their vengeful pigheadedness, and Austen Butler, parliamentary undersecretary for foreign affairs, told the House that better relations with Moscow would soon be sought. Reports have it that Sir Stafford Cripps is on his way to Moscow, his second visit within three months. Better trade relations with the USSR are obviously in order. Britain could use Soviet pulp and timber now that the Scandinavian markets are cut off. But whether that is all that Sir Stafford will be asking remains to be seen.

Final Evidence

IF FINAL evidence were needed that a conspiracy is afoot against the Mexican people, *l'affaire* Trotsky clinched it. That past master of backstage finagling figured as the hero in the thriller wherein volleys were fired into his Mexico City villa, wherein he crouched on the floor, bullets whizzing overhead, and wherein one of his dubious retainers was kidnaped. As *El Popular,* Mexican daily, put it: "The false assault constituted a dire provocation against Mexico." *El Popular* charged that Dies committee agents, whose concern about Mexico is notorious, possibly aided Trotsky in his plans to provide an excuse for United States intervention. Evidence is more than plentiful that that Bad Neighbor north of the Rio has a hand in it. Even Hal Burton, in the first of his series in the New York *Daily News* noted, "A nod from Uncle Sam after the presidential elections and the left wing government of Lazaro Cardenas . . . will be faced with a coup d'etat." Americans may have forgotten, but Mexicans never will, the shelling of Veracruz while that exponent of the New Freedom, Woodrow Wilson, sat in the White House. And now our "New Deal" administration is backing Almazan. But the Mexican people aren't sitting with folded hands. Thirty-eight thousand cooperative farmers and twenty thousand workers are on general strike against a visit by Almazan to their region.

Labor's Black Friday

FRIDAY, May 24, was Black Friday for many American workingmen. The conviction of twenty-six members of the Teamsters Union—facing ten years and heavy fines—brought more than a few unionists to a hard decision. They realized that the conviction of the hard-working teamsters could only result through the connivance of Washington. For was not the Sherman Anti-Trust Act responsible and was not Thurman Arnold acting on orders from above? If that was so—and the flag-waving, hysterical peroration of US Attorney Cahill clinched it—then should labor not alter its friendly attitude toward the man in the White House, the ultimate source of the prosecution?

Workingmen pondered this question as they saw an anti-labor drive get under way that bade fair to dwarf the excesses of the last world war. Under these circumstances many a New York unionist reexamined the stand of Sidney Hillman at the recent convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union. Mr. Hillman sought a blank-check endorse-

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ment for Roosevelt, and, though he spoke against involvement in the European conflict, had agreed with all the pro-war steps of the administration. Detroit workingmen, too, thought things over as they witnessed the arrest of their union officers at Dearborn, Henry Ford's duchy, for distributing leaflets. The official tenderness displayed toward the defiant automobile magnate, and the harshness toward labor, were evident to even the backwoods immigrant from Kentucky now laboring on the belt. It was indeed a hard week, this past seven days, and many a political lesson was being learned the hard way.

Darcy and Schneiderman

SAM ADAMS DARCY was born in the Ukraine, under the name of Samuel Dardeck. When he was about four years old, his parents brought him to America. Father Dardeck became naturalized in 1921 while Sam was still in his minority, automatically making the boy a citizen. At that time, nineteen years ago, he assumed the name of Sam Darcy. Under that name he ran for governor of California on the Communist Party ticket in 1934. After he had left California in 1935, Darcy was charged in an indictment with perjury in registering as a voter in March 1934—for using the name Sam Darcy and giving his birthplace as New York. Both charges are extraordinary: under California law one may assume a new name without resort to legal proceedings; and the statement about his birthplace had nothing to do with his right to vote, since he was a citizen and qualified voter. Yet, five years after the registration, Governor Olson suddenly signed requisition papers for Darcy's extradition (from Pennsylvania) to California.

A half-million cases of false registration are said to have occurred in California in 1934, but they were not prosecuted. Sam Darcy, however, was a Communist leader in California; he is state secretary of the Communist Party in eastern Pennsylvania. That makes the difference.

William Schneiderman was brought to this country at the age of one. He applied for citizenship seventeen years later and received his papers in 1927. In December 1939 action was brought by the United States attorney general's office to revoke Schneiderman's citizenship on the grounds that when he obtained it he was "not attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States," i.e., he was a Communist. There is no legal basis for such action, or any precedent for this strange interpretation of the naturalization law. But William Schneiderman is state secretary of the Communist Party of California. Again, that makes a difference—to the US attorney general as well as to California's big industrialists.

Both these cases are being fought by progressive groups. A Committee for People's Rights in Eastern Pennsylvania, chairmanned by Josephine Truslow Adams, is waging a Darcy defense campaign. The Schneiderman case, declares the People's Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, will be taken to the US Supreme Court if necessary.

> We view with suspicion [says the committee's statement] the fact that the attorney general's office has seen fit to institute proceedings *at this time* —when reactionary anti-alien forces have unleashed a campaign intended to terrorize Americans of foreign birth and to destroy American democracy. This action can serve only to intensify discrimination and to add to the uneasiness and tension created by the existence of war in Europe.

That statement, which expresses the real significance of the attacks on both Darcy and Schneiderman, was written even before the "anti-alien" drive had reached the hysterical height it has today.

Martin Dies in His Glory

THESE are glorious days for Martin Dies. The crude fiddler of hysteria and hatred is now first violinist in Washington's savage symphony. Emboldened by his fine position, he is coolly asking Congress to hand over $100,000 so his committee can hunt out "fifth columns" in America. It isn't enough that Mr. Dies got $75,000 at the beginning of this session for his own fifth-column work on democracy. It isn't enough that he obtained this money on a promise to instill a little decency into the committee's procedure, and promptly broke his word. It isn't enough that FDR, Attorney General Jackson, and all the Diesmen in the administration are now engaged in Martin's work. No: the gentleman from Texas needs $100,000—for what? To put over an investigation of the nine thousand Americans in West Virginia who exercised their constitutional right of signing the petition which placed the Communist Party on the state ballot. To uncover more "Red Spy Rings" such as Nicholas (van der Lubbe) Dozenberg reveals to the committee in secret sessions. To outdo, if possible, the frenzied persecutors of America's foreign born by promoting his own omnibus bill directed at "aliens." These were his activities for just one week, the week following Roosevelt's "national defense" scare speech. The suave gentleman from Hyde Park is conducting the symphony, but make no mistake about it: Dixie's Demagogue No. 1 composed the music and will get all the recognition due him.

Meanwhile, the nation's "little Dies'" grow bigger. In California the Yorty committee has had eighteen leading officers of the State, County, and Municipal Workers of America (CIO) arrested for refusing to give up their union's membership lists and other records. The officers, employees of the State Relief Administration, are charged with "contempt of the legislature," a violation of the penal code. The committee's intention to use the membership names as a blacklist is proved in advance by the very fact that the State Relief Administration has made a practice of dismissing every known member of the union from its staff.

Strachey Deserts

TO THOSE who met John Strachey when he visited this country a year and a half ago it should occasion no surprise that he has found that well known locomotive of history moving too fast for him. His letter to the *New Statesman and Nation* attacking the London *Daily Worker* and the English Communist Party only completes formally and officially that renunciation of Communism which Strachey had for some time been in process of making informally and unofficially. When he was here toward the end of 1939 Strachey was in a mood of blackest despair. He was deeply impressed not only with the political successes of Nazi Germany, but also with its economic "miracles," particularly in the field of finance. He had himself begun toying with an inflationary scheme for creating jobs; in the economic sphere he was already abandoning Marxism. His new book, *A Programme for Progress,* is described by Emile Burns in a review in the London *Daily Worker* as playing in the economic field "much the same role as 'Federal Union' in the political field—namely, to divert the workers from the actual struggle, to give them the idea of a 'modified' or improved capitalism as the object of their fight."

After the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact, Strachey wavered for a time but finally decided to support the pact. He debated with Harold Laski in the *Left News,* organ of the Left Book Club, branding the war as imperialist and arguing against support of the Allies. But the pressure became too great. Now Strachey's politics have caught up with his economics. His letter to the *New Statesman and Nation* repeats the hoary canard that the Communist policy is pro-German and charges that the interests of the Soviet Union require that the Communists "give way to Hitler to any extent." He seeks to cover up his desertion by pretending that he still agrees that the war is imperialist, but in the next sentence argues that the Allied imperialists are "better" than the German. Churchill, Attlee, *et al.,* know how to estimate this kind of "opposition" to the war.

While John Strachey runs up the white flag, the best of England's intellectuals unite more closely with the workers in the fight for peace and socialism.

More Worries

"WITH serious discussion being heard concerning the advisability of the United States' taking under its wing nearby possessions of foreign powers which might be used by enemies of this country, the question was raised in Wall Street yesterday what refuge would exist in such an eventuality for sufferers from the income tax. Now it sometimes is possible to save paying taxes here by forming holding companies "south of the border." Such savings would not be possible if United States jurisdiction were extended along the lines indicated."—*New York "Times," May 18.*

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"The Fat Years and the Lean"

What has happened to the United States since the World War? William Blake reviews one of the season's most important books.

THE FAT YEARS AND THE LEAN, *by Bruce Minton and John Stuart. Modern Age Books. $3.75. International Publishers. $2.50.*

IN *The Fat Years and the Lean* Bruce Minton and John Stuart have essayed the most difficult task of historians. The more remote epochs of man's recorded story have faded into a conventional haze. They have the artistic temptation that the complicating facts are largely forgotten, so that an easy selection can be made of the scraps of evidence we have. The shortage of goods makes the scant supply easy to arrange. But contemporary history permits of no pretty architecture. Remembrance of things lived makes most adult readers potential competitors of the historians. More than that, the recent facts are not decently dead, they are alive in present problems. The color of Mary Stuart's eyes is a poet's exercise. The overtones of Roosevelt's speeches may seduce us into strange adventures.

However much we are conditioned by the imperious needs that arise in the production of wealth, it is living men who fashion history. Minton and Stuart have not given us abstracted economic history, they have presented it only as it was seen, clothed in the gestures, evasions, speech, devices, and crimes of living men.

ERA OF DYING CAPITALISM

If, in their history of the United States from 1919 to 1940, Minton and Stuart have assumed the Marxian tenets, they have done so in no formal way. Their foreword gives importance to the reflexive influence of politics on the economic structure. They openly declare that this was an epoch of moribund capitalism and that they record the unconscious and conscious drive of the masses toward socialism. Where the record of the last twenty years is to most liberal historians either a masque, or a parade of follies and errors, or an idiot's tale signifying nothing, for them the shape of things just seen is plain to those with normal vision. They take their stand within the masses, so they have no imposed criticism to offer. And while they disclaim more than a political description and its relevant economic data, their cultural description of the twenties in pages 184-95 is a compact treasure trove of just impressions.

Just what did happen in the last twenty years? The record, once understood, is an invaluable guide to future action. In that period the United States at one time attained the highest productivity, both per capita and in quantity, that has ever been known. In that period the automobile, from a subsidiary element in American life, became nearly its mentor. Busses challenged the rails. The radio gave a new nexus to threatened family life. The petroleum and rubber industries grew from dwarfs to giants. The cinema, that vendor of immaterials, became the fourth industry. Immigration nearly ceased. The natural increase of the population diminished. The bounding growth of America was no more. There was a stupendous transfer of labor from mechanical employments to those of distribution. There was, for the first time in history, not mass unemployment, but chronic mass unemployment, most of it refractory to cyclical changes in business. The recovery from crises, hitherto always effected by immense investments in fixed plants, was now counter-availed of by light, inexpensive, laborsaving machine tools. Two attempts were made to cure credit collapse by deflation. The 1921 surgery succeeded, the 1929 failed. The American dollar, holy of holies, the only sacred thing on earth to millions, shed divinity. The government became the source of credit, the sustainer of "values," the lavish almoner of the rich and the pitiable patron of some of the poor. The middle classes, arid and poor, became impotent as a source of stock exchange speculation. Security offerings were rarely public. The life insurance companies rose to unwonted importance as the secret source of industry's new capital funds. The errors of bank management were immortalized by a federal guarantee of deposits. The banks were no longer the financiers of business but janitors of the national debt. Armaments, from being a mere decoration of industrial society, promised to become its mainstay. State capitalism replaced once and for all the assumptions of *laissez-faire*. The cadre of fascism was completed under liberal pretexts. The more generous sources of the people were tapped by the New Deal. The instruments that tapped these sources were perverted to baser uses. The United States lost that brusque confidence of ascendant capitalism. A permanent neurosis, everlasting grousing, became the psychic feature of its frightened plutocrats. Labor, after wide fluctuations, developed a great and fruitful militancy. And yet, despite labor's greater scope, dreaded by the large capitalists, the international involvement of that class gave them the possibility of annulling most of these gains.

BRUCE MINTON AND JOHN STUART, *co-authors of "Men Who Lead Labor," analyze American history since the Armistice in their new volume, "The Fat Years and the Lean."*

ORDER OUT OF CHAOS

Here are some of the facts, given chaotically, as they are gleaned out of the rich harvest of the last twenty years. It is this apparently random assemblage that permits of no serious interpretation by Charles A. Beard and which is glossed by Louis M. Hacker. It is this apparent hodgepodge which comes out beautifully ordered in the flowing sentences and arch comments of Bruce Minton and John Stuart. They deserve admiration for the deftness with which they depict a poor wight like Harding, so that he makes his pathetic bow before the reader, and, in a moment, transport you to the economic drives of the plutocratic clique that needed such a Harlequin. The Coolidge legend is given juicily, but underneath the fun is the terrible picture of a self-satisfied governing class, which mistook its temporary stabilization for the Gates of Paradise. In the analysis of Roosevelt they are, of course, far more detailed. That powerful man is the dialectical weathercock of class history. The elaborate design of his liberal vesture, the rise and fall of his allegiances, his constantly shifting fronts, and yet the basic utility of his policies to the survival of entrenched wealth, are made clear and delicately explained.

While the reader is grateful for the great gallery of statesmen (alas, so easily made defunct), from the Back Bay egotism of Henry Cabot Lodge to the self-stultifying role of Borah, for Minton and Stuart the history of this score of years is that of labor and its promise. The transformations of the CIO and the AFL in their Homeric struggle, the causes of their divisions, and their relations to capitalist maneuvers are, because of

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MIKE QUIN'S

Dangerous Thoughts

The author of "The Yanks Are NOT Coming," coiner of America's slogan of the times, scores again!

THEODORE DREISER says of this book:

". . . it has not only genuine art value, but truly startling and illuminating intellectual force—the type of concentrated essence of social logic and philosophy and irony to be found only in Peter Finley Dunne (Philosophy Dooley) and George Ade (Fables in Slang). In spots I am reminded of Rabelais, Voltaire and Thomas Paine. . . .

"It should be laid before the eyes of the entire world and I hope it will be. Personally I will do all I can to increase the number of its readers. . . ."

RUTH McKENNEY:

". . . I've been toying with the idea that Mike Quin is sort of combination Mark Twain and Voltaire, 1940 model, but that doesn't seem to really nail it down. Maybe Mark Twain plus a sound knowledge of economics; Voltaire added up with a human heart. . . ."

CLIFFORD ODETS:

"Quin has a rare talent for revealing complex truths in a few simple paragraphs. . . . More than one writer I know will say of many of his pieces, 'I wish I had written that!' "

And what's more, this collection of poems, humorous sketches, topical essays and jingles is supreme reading entertainment.

You can get "Dangerous Thoughts" by writing directly to The People's World, 583 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif., and enclosing 50 cents in coin or stamps.

the larger canvas, finer than in Minton's and Stuart's *Men Who Lead Labor*. But what is most attractive is their consistent understanding that numbers of votes cast are not equal to significance. They stress the role of the Communist Party, from its feeble beginnings and long periods of illegality and strife to its later profound importance as a vanguard of the masses, patiently anticipating their demands, giving them a body of theory on which to premise their strivings, and, as in the relief situation, of its profound immediate humane value to the unemployed. The oppressed groups, the Negro above all, receive full treatment.

The Negro problem is a sideshow to bourgeois historians. The Negroes constitute only a ninth of the people and have perhaps a hundredth of the wealth of the country. That their treatment is the social foundation for the oppression of all labor, and is so used is a recurrent theme in this book. But the emphasis is on the rise of their resistance to age-old degradation. In fact, the book is a census of the possibilities of mass resistance, whether in the migratory farm worker, the waterfront men under the inspired Harry Bridges, or the Negro. The vivid pictures of this resistance and of its changing quantity, direction, and character, according to the problems it both meets and creates, is one of the unique contributions of this lively, yet painstaking, history.

FOR A TRUE PEACE

Minton and Stuart have reviewed the history of this country between two giant wars, in a period in which capitalism is tempted to take the path of fascism, but in which the difficulties of that realization are growing and could be made decisive by a skilled utilization of the mechanisms by which the masses have hitherto thwarted the menace of fascism. This book is the only significant history of the United States since the Armistice. Its thesis is abundantly proved, that capitalism, in the classic sense, has shown no capacity for recovery. If that is so (and every group seeks to conserve itself) then it must resort to terror where persuasion is no longer useful for its purposes. The fact that in a country saturated with democratic traditions war offers the easiest way to effect that brutal transformation is demonstrated toward the end of the book. But the conclusion, embodied in a living peroration, is the struggle for the Bill of Rights, for a true peace, and against monopoly and imperialism, marshaled as evidence of the pilgrimage of workers and farmers toward socialism. For the promises of democracy are no longer compatible with the ghastly needs of monopolists, who must cut the Gordian knot of their contradictions with the sword of terror.

Is there a criticism of the book? Defects? Caveats? I suppose there must be some. In the presence of this finely wrought and absolutely necessary work, they did not interest me.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Lorca's Poems

THE POET IN NEW YORK, AND OTHER POEMS, *by F. Garcia Lorca. Translated by Rolfe Humphries. W. W. Norton and Co. $2.50.*

"AFTER all I am a poet, and they are not going to shoot poets," answered Lorca when advised to leave Spain at the outbreak of the civil war. But the fascists dragged him from the house of a friend and shot him in the street. His books were publicly burned by followers, secular and clerical, of Franco. His tragic death has been explained only by the simple statement that he was "an intelligent man." Good poets *are* intelligent, and since the time of Greek civilization (or earlier, even, in many primitive civilizations) tyrants have feared them without understanding them. Poets are often regarded as prophetic merely because they are highly sensitive to human and fundamental truths about what is evil and what is good. In a personal, primitive way Lorca was Catholic. But those of the church who murdered him knew he hated the prostitution of the church for power and for money. Born of gypsy and Moorish blood, a true son of Granada, Lorca was of the folk. He hated those who cheapened innocence; he loved the poor. He was one of Spain's greatest poets, a folk poet rooted in the history of a free people. No wonder the fascists feared him. His sympathies lay naturally with the republican government. Although he had never taken any active part in politics and cannot be said to have been a Marxist, he had understanding of and power over a people. And this was reason enough for murdering him.

Rolfe Humphries' translations of Lorca's poems are admirable. And his task has been difficult. He stays close to the text and makes no effort to duplicate the Spanish music. He writes as one might translate primitive poetry, free verse poems as true to the meaning as possible. Lorca was a great musician, as the Spanish texts which are given in this volume show. But he was also a surrealist. He worked not only with subconscious and strange imagery, but with the rich folk overtones to words. In another language these cannot easily be heard. Again and again I should have appreciated footnotes as to the possible folk significance, for example, of certain images or symbols: the dove (probably innocence), the fish (the beginning of life), etc. But I had to guess at them, not knowing the gypsy and Moorish songs which are so often part of Lorca's ways of expressing feeling. Finally I hit upon an approach to the more difficult of his surrealist poems. I suggest it tentatively.

LORCA'S IMAGERY

Lorca uses *images of a mood* (his own), not images of any real scene (save incidentally). In the New York poems he is making his own outcry against the wrong done to innocence here—his outraged sense of being in a horrible wilderness which distorts all values of the real or primitive world. He likes Harlem. He always loves the folk qual-

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ity wherever he finds it. But Coney Island becomes "Landscape of the Vomiting Multitude" and Battery Park "Landscape of the Urinating Multitude." In reading these poems, one can feel the growing disgust which Lorca himself felt whenever life was cheapened. To Lorca life is indeed tragic. In one sense he is a Wasteland poet. But he has a brooding tenderness for all the downtrodden. He hates the nightmare world of money. Though he talks much of death he is constantly dreaming toward some sense of continuance. For him, unlike D. H. Lawrence, the primitive is no retreat; it is rather an assurance that life goes on. Loving Whitman, to whom he wrote one of his greatest poems, Lorca saw him as right in dreaming beyond the fact of what was actually taking place in America. The wrong were those who accepted the facts of industry as ends. Unlike T. S. Eliot, Lorca, facing the waste and the confusing horror of modern life, was stirred not to self-pity but to wrath. To express this wrath he uses all his folk images, the black bull of night, the crocodile of death, the dead cow which is the image of death itself violently forcing itself into new forms of life. He uses these images, however, not with the tenderness typical of his gypsy songs, but for the purposes of contrast, for deliberate distortion to express a sense of impending doom.

EDA LOU WALTON.

Health under the Nazis

HEIL HUNGER! *by Dr. Martin Gumpert. Alliance Book Corp. $1.75.*

THE Nazis' most imposing propaganda has been their health achievements. This has been the nub of national propaganda, so triumphantly proclaimed as the supreme accomplishment of the new order that many people well cognizant of the political realities of the Third Reich have come to believe that Nazi emphasis on sport and physical education at the expense of intellectual development, might, in fact, have improved the general health. That this propaganda, too, is a complete and shameless lie is proved by Dr. Martin Gumpert, a German physician now in New York. Dr. Gumpert has gathered the evidence from the scientific journals of Nazi Germany still found in international libraries because of their pre-Hitler reputations. Out of the farrago of "Aryan" science, he has winnowed statistical statements, research results, even dissentient warnings, which give a grisly picture of the health conditions of eighty million people in the heart of Europe.

There is an increased death rate for every age level—eighty thousand more people dying annually in Nazi Germany than in pre-Nazi Germany—while every country (excepting Colombia, Egypt, Greece) shows a decline in death rate for the last fourteen years. Germany's leadership in the international tables of suicide statistics may contribute to this figure. The infant mortality rate, always an index of health and social standards, has de-

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clined rapidly in all countries but Germany. The Nazi preachment to farrow children for the Fuehrer has apparently been unconvincing, despite bachelor taxes, official encouragement of erotic and obscene literature, privileges for large families, and distinctions for prolific mothers.

The German youth, so much photographed as sunburned sports enthusiasts, look different under statistical scrutiny. In Munich only 3.5 percent of the school children were found free of rachitic symptoms! There is widespread criminality; convictions of youthful criminals have doubled since 1934. Official encouragement of child labor on long shifts does not ameliorate these conditions. The German women, so cavalierly relegated to the three K's, now do the heaviest forms of men's work at about one-half men's wages. Employment of married women rises with the number of children. How the health of the German woman fares under the burden of housework, care of children, and wage labor seven days a week on ten to fourteen-hour continuous shifts with increasing labor tempo, can now only be deduced.

With the institution of the Nazi health administration, social diseases like tuberculosis, venereal infections, and *all* epidemic diseases show an increase. In its official therapy for the tubercular, Nazi medical cynicism has established a new record for itself. The working power of the million and a half tuberculars is needed; consequently, "open lung tuberculosis must always be regarded as consistent with working capacity." The filthmonger Streicher does his bit for venereal diseases as head of the "Nature Health Movement" by labeling salvarsan and the Wassermann test "Jewish poisons." Diseases caused by bad foods, such as dysentery, ptomaine poisoning, typhoid, have had an uninterrupted increase—dysentery by 300 percent. The spread of children's infectious diseases is particularly appalling. The diphtheria mortality rate of Germany, whose scientists gave anti-diphtheria toxin injections to the world, is the highest recorded in Europe. Telling symptoms of Nazi hospital administration are the 55 percent increase in puerperal fever and the 20 percent increase in mortality cases occurring in hospitals.

There is a rationale for this dismal compilation to be found in the enunciation of one of the leading pedagogues of Nazi medicine, Professor Hamburger, unworthy successor to the illustrious Pirquet. "Not consideration but achievement is to be our watchword." The global result of this policy is the dreaded *Leistungsknick*, the collapse in working power of a man at the height of his capacity. That only one-third of eighteen-year-old German boys show "full working capacity," i.e., military serviceableness, the director of the Hygienic Institute of Marburg University explains in this wise:

> The premature collapse of working capacity and the early invalidism which are unfortunately observable among so many Germans are conditioned, to the extent of 60 percent, by malnutrition.

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But the policy of "achievement" without consideration, which sanctions increased labor tempo, compulsory sports, and cynical disregard of the elements of health administration, in conjunction with decreased consumption of the most important foodstuffs and deterioration of all food values, must be accorded its credit for this collapse. Since the beginning of the war this performance-obsession has made new inhuman demands on the German people.

Similar demands on the part of the other belligerent powers inevitably produce similar effects on the health of their peoples. The destructive mechanism of war and war economy does not spare the civilian population any more than it does the men at the front. Health and war simply do not go together and the facts presented by Dr. Gumpert should be a sufficient warning to America not to sacrifice a national health program for a national war program.

CORA MACALBERT.

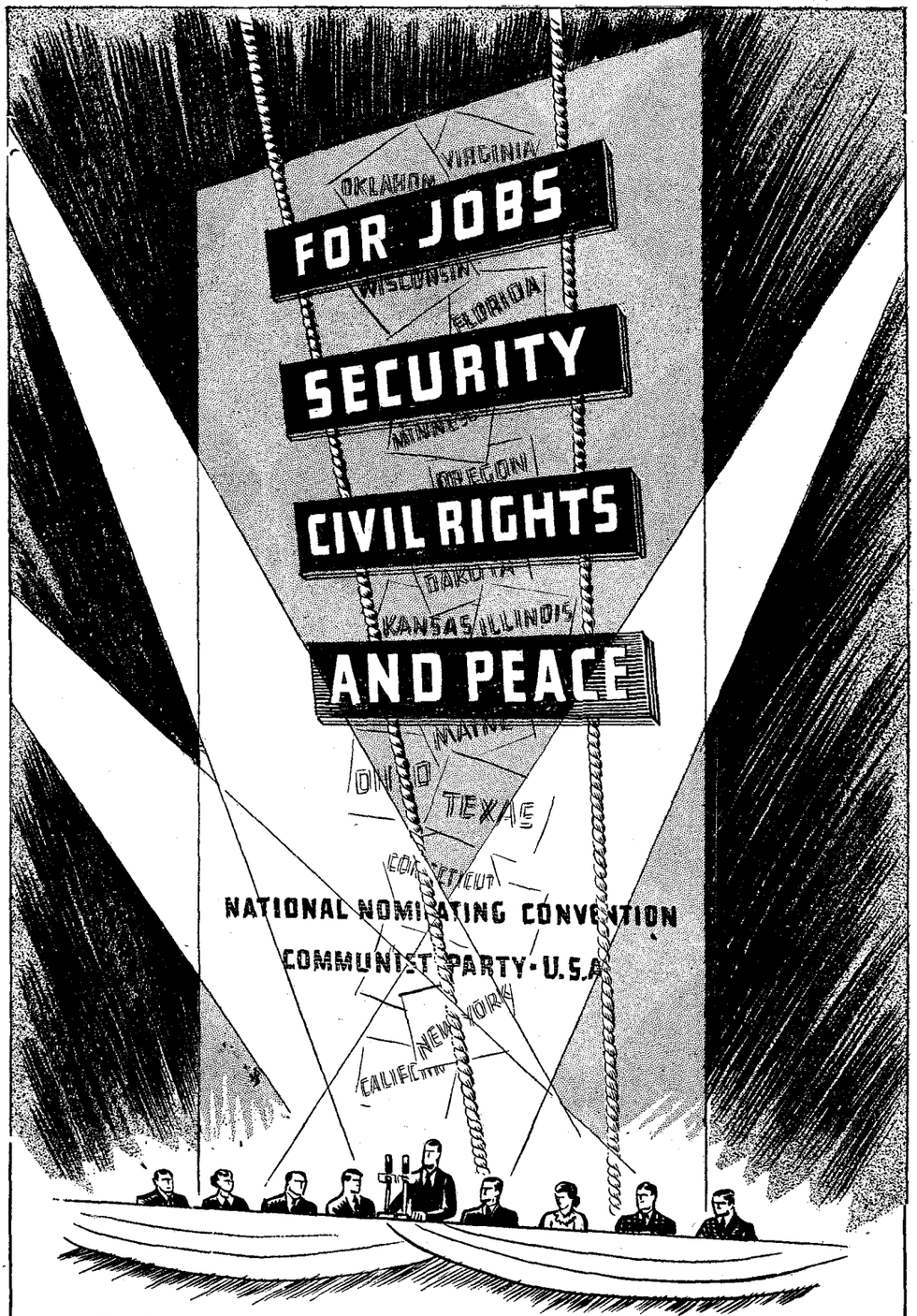
French Documents

THE FRENCH YELLOW BOOK. *Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.50.*

THERE has been a flood of white, yellow, and blue books of various governments since the war broke. The Germans have issued several, the British assigned their ambassador to Berlin, Sir Nevile Henderson, to expand their Blue Book into his widely circulated memoirs, *Failure of a Mission.* The Poles have published a White Paper revealing the record of Polish-German and Polish-Soviet relations, which has not yet arrived in the country, but is supposed to be a whopper. It is the French Yellow Book, however, which tells by far the most interesting story of those yet published here.

Not the whole story, of course. These official documents have been chosen to emphasize the German "breach of faith," the unlimited, uncontrollable German ambitions after Austria and Munich. Many of these dispatches from various consulates to their Foreign Office are factual accounts of troop movements, incidents, run-of-the-mill details. But these are relieved by occasional masterpieces, for example, Francois-Poncet's description of Herr Hitler's eerie retreat above Berchtesgaden, perched six thousand feet high, the approaches to which were cut through solid rock, the heavy double door of bronze concealing a vertical elevator running 330 feet through the mountain itself, at the top of which is the "massive building containing a gallery with Roman pillars, an immense circular hall with windows all round, and a vast open fireplace where enormous logs are burning. . . ."

There is the story of how Messrs. Hacha and Chvalkovsky, the Czech ministers, were literally terrorized into signing the scrap of paper which gave Germany legal pretext for entering Prague. "Hacha was in such a state of exhaustion that he more than once needed medical attention from the doctors, who, by the way, had been there ready for service. . . ."



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The dispatches of Robert Coulondre, the French ambassador at Berlin, are the most valuable in the book. He tackles the substance of all problems, writes with detached ardor, and frequently reaches a literary integrity that defies the ragged translation and the rigors of diplomatic form. It is Coulondre who gives us a shaft of light upon the origins of the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact.

PACT NO SURPRISE

Soviet and German records have not been revealed; whatever London archives conceal may have to await the day when the British workers take over much more than the archives. But the French Yellow Book has at least one phase of the story—and this is what most reviewers have largely concealed from their audience. We learn from this volume that every important power must have known, months before it took place, that a Soviet-German rapprochement was possible. From which it follows that the governments of Britain and France were in no sense surprised by the pact. And it follows further that the so-called democracies were in no sense "betrayed." On the contrary, it would appear that they quite deliberately threw away the chance of maintaining European peace. As Nevile Henderson puts it, the British preferred that the Germans, rather than themselves, come to terms with the USSR. At least by July, the Western powers had pretty much determined to challenge the German domination of the continent which they themselves had handed to Germany the previous October.

Theodore Draper used much of this material from the original French edition in his articles in NEW MASSES last December. But some of the essentials are worth restating, especially now that wider audiences can read these official dispatches in English.

On Dec. 15, 1938—nine days after the Franco-German anti-war declaration of December 6—M. Coulondre reported to Paris:

> The German will for expansion in the East . . . seems to me as undeniable on the part of the Third Reich as its disposition to put aside—at least for the present—any idea of conquest in the West. . . . The German aim appears to be well defined, to create a Greater Ukraine, which would become Germany's granary. In order to achieve this, Rumania must be subdued, Poland won over, and Soviet Russia dispossessed; German dynamism is not to be stopped at any of these obstacles, and in military circles they already talk of the advance to the Caucasus and to Baku.

But the very next day, the French minister to Sofia, M. Ristelhueber, reports a conversation with M. Kiossevaniev, then prime minister of Bulgaria, who says he does not "consider as impossible an understanding between the USSR and the Reich." Then comes Prague, apparently a move eastward, but actually otherwise. And then on May 6 Coulondre reports the confidence of an unnamed diplomat that the Germans are approaching the USSR. The same information is elaborated on May 17, on May 22, on

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June 1, June 13, June 20. Coulondre asks and answers most of the real questions. Was this demarche inspired by Litvinov's withdrawal, or had the Germans thought of it earlier? Is this a way of bringing Poland around to an anti-Soviet alliance, or can another division of Poland be expected? Is this simply a German technique for bringing the old appeasement spirit back in London, or have the Germans decided to neutralize the USSR before moving into a death grip for the unchallenged domination of Europe? Was this simply Ribbentrop's scheme, or has the Fuehrer been won around? And what does the General Staff think? These are the questions which Coulondre asks and answers in his six or seven dispatches. There must have been more, obviously omitted from the volume.

SOVIET POSITION

Two things emerge. The isolation of the USSR in September 1938, imposed by the Munich agreement, became the source of its diplomatic strength in May 1939. Neither side among the imperialist powers could achieve its objectives without employing the weight of the USSR against the other, and each tried to do exactly that. Second, the Germans were quite worried that the Anglo-French-Soviet peace front would spoil their game. Coulondre insisted time and again that the Western powers must hurry to get that pact or else the Germans will themselves most certainly get it. Our conclusion must be that the leaders of the Western powers had already decided to fight; their rival had grown stronger than they could afford. And Germany decided that the most accessible booty lay in the British and French empires; once the chance of the "peace front" disappeared, the Germans staked their future on war.

All this, and much more, will be found in the Yellow Book. Incomplete as it must be until the full story is told, it nevertheless affords us a glimpse into those fundamental changes of the past year which all of us were unable to see at the time, and to which most of us made very tardy adjustments.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

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THIS spring has brought to a close Broadway's worst season in eleven years. More actors are out of work, in debt, and facing an empty summer—professionally speaking—than ever before. In a sense we're lucky: lucky if we're still around, if we're still able somehow to maintain ourselves here in New York, which is practically the only market in America for professional actors today, if we're still free to *look* for work and take jobs which may last only a few weeks. We are lucky compared with the thousands of potential actors who never had and never will have the chance to come here and stay while they look for training and employment. Most of us have a hell of a time getting along. And because we're the few thousand who are left in a profession which should be reaching and playing for 130,000,000 American people, we've got to "think fast, and think deep."

In our union, Actors Equity Association, we find actors divided against themselves, with tradition and seniority blurring the trend toward progress. Many older actors are enervated by the change that has come over the theater and the lack of employment. They remain sentimental about their profession and resent the assumption of a number of younger players that we are workers in an industry—an industry which is suffering because it does not serve the people. They contribute only confusion and bitterness to any attempt to solve our theater problems. Many stars remain in traditional isolation. Occasionally they lend verbal support to reactionary affairs, opinions, and causes about which they know little and care less—but it's good publicity.

However, there is a growing nucleus of Equity members eager to understand the causes that waste the talent available to our profession. Most of these actors have come to New York during the post-depression period. They missed the days when they could work in stock forty weeks a year in many different roles and emerge trained actors. They came from all over the country to find hundreds competing for each available part. Their average yearly income has been fantastically low. Their training has been inadequate, their courage and endurance strained to the breaking point.

These were not the actors invited to contribute to *Theater Arts Monthly's* May survey on what's wrong with the theater. Opinions were solicited from thirty-six of the "most admired and respected workers in the theater," and all agree that "something is dangerously wrong; something must be done." The actors cry for better plays, managers berate the unions for raising production costs, many call the non-creative middlemen and theater owners leeches, several condemn Congress for killing the Federal Theater project, and many deplore the lack of interprofessional sympathy and cooperation. Several suggest that a central board, composed of representatives from each branch of the industry, might go a long way toward curing the illness of the "fabulous invalid."

Of course no single individual's answer to what's wrong with the theater can be sufficient. But the solutions offered in *Theater Arts Monthly* seem to me notably flimsy. At the close of this season a tremendous number of actors realize that no hospitalization plan, however practical and extensive, will eliminate the cause of the illness. Therefore I'd like to explain an approach to the problem which is common to many actors who are working to bring healthy, living theater to an audience which needs and will support it.

In our country the theater reflects conditions that do not afford the masses of the people leisure and security to support the legitimate theater. Once the actor begins to realize that these are the conditions that are destroying the theater he must turn, unless he abandons hope, to organizations that work to *bring* security and leisure to the people. The Theater Arts Committee is an actors' organization which approaches the problem from this premise and works to end unemployment, keep America out of war, protect civil rights, and extend democratic culture. Hollywood actors work in the League for Democratic Action. And here in New York we have a newly organized actors' committee for the establishment of a federally subsidized theater.

Once we begin to participate actively in organizations such as these, we are heartened by coming in contact with large groups of people who can't afford to see Broadway shows, but who want theater which has some connection with their own overwhelming problem of living in the world today. This audience has been partially served in the past by Federal Theater productions, New Theater League groups in the larger cities, Theater Union, Cabaret TAC—the first political cabaret in America—and its Hollywood counterpart "Sticks and Stones," and a few mobile theater groups which played to trade union audiences during the thirties.

This is the audience whose problems are ours, who have had just enough theater to want more. It's our audience because it wants to see the plays that we are interested in playing. It's true, we'll stay in the theater no matter what. But we have learned that the greatest creative satisfaction in any art comes from the instantaneous response of an audience to an actor's performance. We have more important things to say than have the handful of ignorant and reactionary theater personalities who attack the very things we are trying to fight for. We would rather play for an audience whose problems are ours. The Broadway audience has made a smash hit of a pro-war play, the Lunt-Fontanne-Sherwood *There Shall Be No Night,* which condemns American neutrality in the European war. The Broadway audience gave it an advance sale of $58,000 two weeks after its April opening. This is not the audience which is hungry for the kind of theater we want to work in. Our audience can be reached; it can be reached if we are able to supply our point of view (and theirs) in dramatic terms. It can be reached if we can solve the basic production problems which are solved with such facility by those professional theater people who oppose our beliefs and ignore our audience.

We have one major problem in common with Broadway producers. Scripts are few. Where these producers have the services of the more experienced and successful playwrights and the money to star Hollywood names in three acts of junk, we must develop young playwrights who receive practically no encouragement from Broadway but who have the talent to write plays of social importance. Some people will tell you that there are any number of fine plays lying around. I have been a play reader for two producers and I can assure you this is not true. Most plays today are not worth the paper they are written on. Those writers who do show promise seldom have any knowledge of theater construction and form, or any idea that a play exists as a finished product only after the director, the actors, the designer, and perhaps the composer have contributed to the production. However, there are always a few plays available which contain elements of good playwrighting. And while some of them are not good enough for professional production, one thing we actors can do to encourage these writers is to put their plays—or scenes from them—into rehearsal and let them see what happens to their scripts in work. This will bring them closer to the idea of working collectively in this most collective art.

There are other things we can do to help playwrights. I believe the majority of them are not responding as writers to the meaningful happenings in American life. For instance the murder of Laura Law, wife of a trade union organizer in Grey's Harbor, Wash., was obviously rich material for any playwright. But it was not until an actress

(Continued on page 30)

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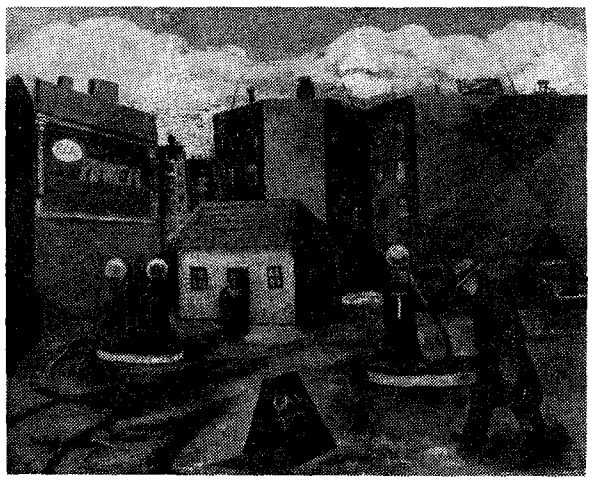
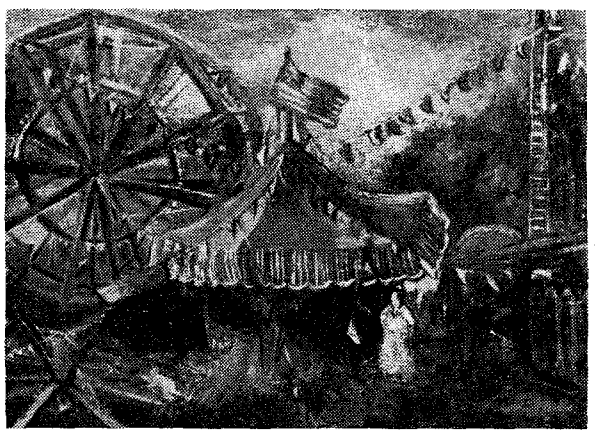
UAA Exhibition

NEW MASSES reproduces five of the many paintings by members of the United American Artists now being shown at three galleries in New York City: 50 Rockefeller Plaza, the Hudson Walker Gallery, 38 East 57th St., and the ACA Gallery, 52 West 8th St. At a moment when Congress is considering further inroads upon WPA, these exhibits, largely the work of artists on WPA, speak for themselves.



M. Frankel

Gas Station



Beatrice Mandelman

The Carnival

Jack Tworkov

City Spring Romance

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RESERVE THE DATE

(Continued from page 28)

approached a progressive playwright that this material was put in work by a theater writer. We can stimulate these playwrights by bringing them closer to subjects from which they are currently isolated for one reason or another. If their plays are good, we can promise them productions. We may not have playboy coffers at our service, but there are always progressive people who will see to it that any worthwhile contribution is brought to the stage.

If we have plays, our major problem will be solved. But in order to use these plays to their fullest extent, it is necessary for us to reexamine our theater experiences and analyze them in terms of opportunities missed. As an example of how opportunities have been muffed, recall that the Group Theater, for ten years the hope of the progressive theater, missed the opportunity to produce three of the really important social plays written during the past five years: Irwin Shaw's *Bury the Dead,* Marc Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock,* and Ben Bengal's *Plant in the Sun.* The Group's reasons are various and complex; they are related to its problem of existence as the only collective theater on Broadway. The fact remains, however, that it did not produce these plays because it did not completely understand the relation of the theater to society. The New York Theater Union, which produced social plays for three years at a low admission scale, folded, according to its members, because it was not able to solve its organizational difficulties. We have ten years of sporadic progressive theater experience from which to learn. Let us learn our lessons well and be ready for our opportunities.

I do not imply that if actors understand and work on the basic problems facing the theater, the results will be directly proportionate to the effort they expend. Nevertheless, I believe that if theater workers approach the material and talent at hand with the creative desire to develop and use it, we will keep the spark of good theater alive until our potential audience can fan it into the flame of a theater renaissance.

MARY LILES.

New Records

Songs of the Revolution and 1812 from John Allison's collection.

Now is an excellent time to be reminded that America once fought a bitter but successful war of liberation from the British empire. This unfashionable truth, if mouthed too loudly in Washington, will win you a quick honorary membership in the Fifth Column. Dr. Jekyll of Hyde Park is busy diving into Boston Harbor for the tea to restore it with proper obeisance to another George of England. The Victor phonograph people seem not to have heard of the cancellation of the American Revolution for they have just issued a Yankee Doodling album of *Ballads of the American Revolution and the War of 1812,* sung by John and Lucy Allison and Sawyer's Minute Men.

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ALFRED GOLDSTEIN, popular political analyst, reviews THE NEWS OF THE WEEK every SUNDAY EVENING at Workers School, 2nd floor, 35 East 12 Street. Admission 25c.

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John Allison and company present songs from his own collection of musical Americana. Mr. Allison's treatment of the songs is superb. Instead of concertizing all the life out of these early ballads, he chooses to present them in one and two voices, with quartet choruses occasionally, so that you can understand every word. The songs are restored rather than reconstructed. The music in most cases has not survived, but only in *Nathan Hale* is the music anachronistically contemporary. It sounds like *The Road to Mandalay*. The rest are fitted to well known come-all-ye ballad tunes of the Revolutionary times, and sung with fine folk feeling.

The amusing and defiant *Boston Tea Tax,* contains the following description:

And then aboard the ships we went our vengeance
to administer,
And we didn't care one tarnal bit for any king
or minister
We made a plaguey mess of tea
In one of the biggest dishes
I mean we steeped it in the sea and treated all
the fishes.

The songs of the rebels grow more jeering and confident as the war turned against the empire. The year 1781 produced a marvelous anonymous jingle to a square dance tune, called *Cornwallis' Country Dance,* a lively satire on the foppish ways of the unhappy Cornwallis and his tangle-footed campaign in the Carolinas.

The war of 1812 contributes to the album a fine, bragging song about the *Hunters of Kentucky,* who stood against Pakenham at New Orleans, and *Ye Parliament of England,* a political song which details what might be called the American war aims. Finally, there is a veritable tin pan alley tune of the Colonial period, called *The Chieftain's Bride,* a cheerless ballad of the little white child kidnaped and raised by the Indians.

They have taught her to tie and weave baskets
Of golden and azure hue;
She has taught them to read in the Bible
And pray to a God that is true.

The Indians never were careful about whom they put the snatch on. JAMES DUGAN.

A Correction

IN MY article, "The Actors Present War," (NEW MASSES, May 28) I said that "Actors Equity Association has forbidden its members to attend TAC's meetings or take any part in the organization's activities." Since this original ruling was handed down by Equity's council, the organization has clarified its stand, and, in the May issue of *Equity,* now requires only that its members take no part in any movement for a federal theater unless "such activities have previously been approved by this council."

In fairness to Equity and those of its members who want to see this resolution further modified to permit members to take part in TAC's drive for a federal theater, this correction is printed. ALVAH BESSIE.

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Yenan, Shensi
Dec. 23, 1939

Editor, New Masses
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

A number of issues of your honorable magazine have filtered thru to the northwest and we have read with pleasure numerous articles on American and world politbal situation and sometimes something about China, although few and far between.

We feel that we may overcome the great geographical distance separating us by a constant mutual exchange of material and with this view in mindm we are mailing you under separate ccver a copy of ofr latest issue of The 8th RA Political and Military Monthly and will continue to do so in the future. We would like to recieve your publications in exchange.

We hope that the establishment of such mutual relations will prove of benefit to both our readers.

Yours Sincerely,

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Address:
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Yenan, Shensi, China.

WORLD history is being made at the spot from which this letter came. Though almost halfway around the world away from us, it reveals more than we can ever say, how near NEW MASSES *is to the scene where the future of a large part of the world is being decided. We are mighty proud of this letter, and others we have received like it. The Chinese Eighth Route Army expects us to do more, to help even more than we have. We expect to, with your help. For that letter was not only sent to the editors of this paper, but to each of its readers. You know how you can help: see page 2 Between Ourselves. Subscribe today. Lose no time. Please turn to page 23.*

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